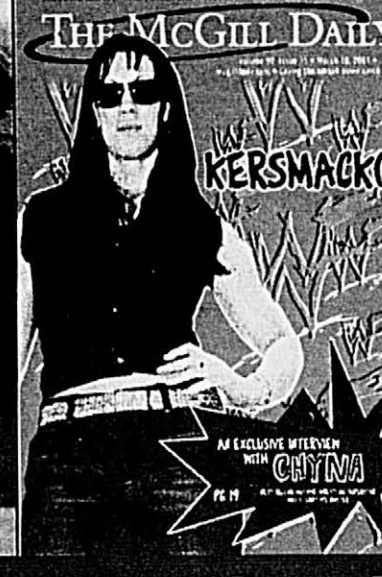
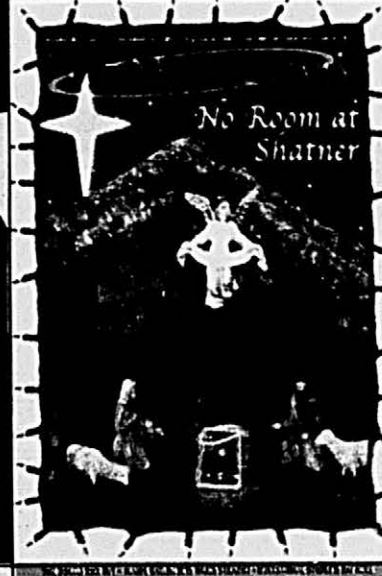
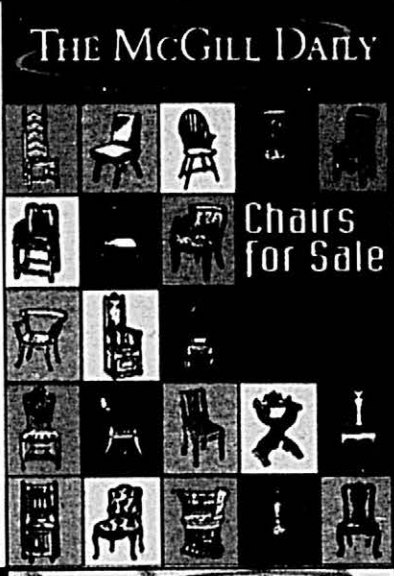
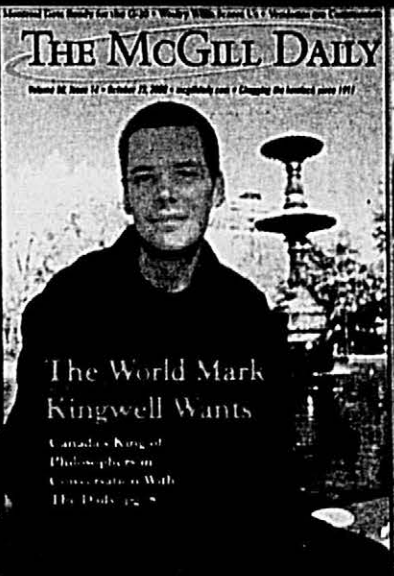




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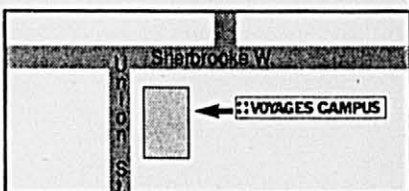
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ASSOCIATE DEAN OF STUDENTS

A committee to advise the Principal on the selection of an Associate Dean of Students at McGill University has been convened. The position is a half-time academic appointment with duties to begin June 1st, 2001, or as soon as possible thereafter before August 15, 2001. The initial appointment will be for up to five years to coincide with the term of office of the in-coming Dean, and may be renewed.

Applicants or nominees must be full-time members of McGill University's academic staff. The Advisory Committee would be pleased to hear in confidence from members of faculty who are themselves interested in the position or who wish to nominate others. The committee will appreciate receiving a cover letter addressing interest in, and qualifications for, the position, a curriculum vitae and the names and coordinates of three referees (actual letters of reference are equally welcome).

The deadline for receipt of nominations or applications and supporting documents is Tuesday, April 24th, 2001. Please direct all correspondence to:

Professor Bruce Shore
Dean-Designate of Students
c/o Ms. Cathie Sheeran
William and Mary Brown
Student Services Building
3600 McTavish, Suite 4100
Montreal, QC H3A 1Y1

Enquiries preceding a possible application may be directed to Bruce Shore at bruce.m.shore@mcgill.ca.



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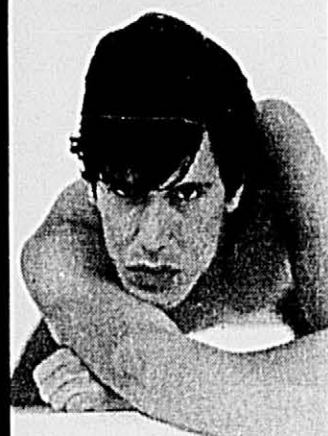
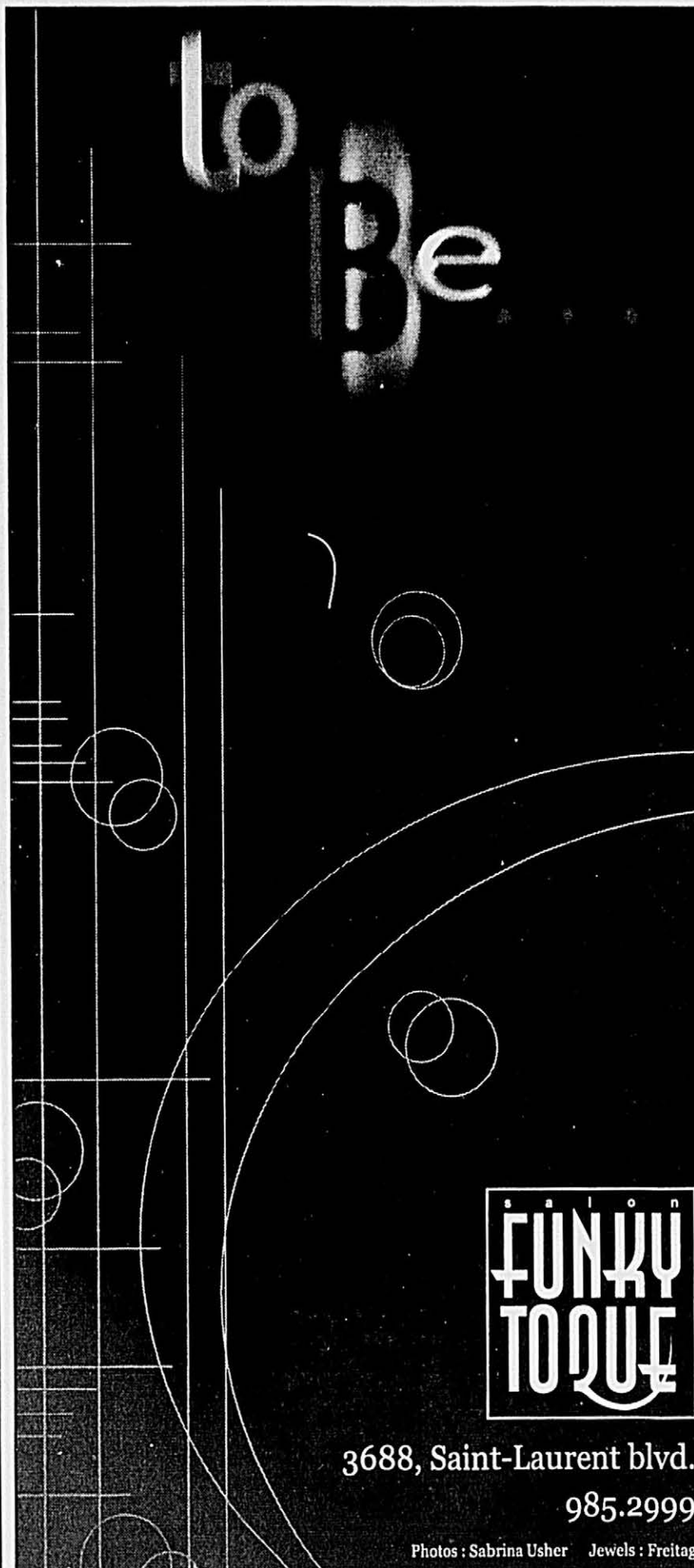
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Chapters Takes a Backseat at Beleaguered Campus Bookstore

But American book giant Barnes & Noble may be McGill's white knight, administrators say

BY JON BRICKER
The McGill Daily

Chapters' term at the helm of McGill's bookstore came to a sudden end yesterday, when administrators announced that American book giant Barnes & Noble will be taking over management of the floundering campus book shop.

Vice-Principal Administration and Finance Morty Yalovsky made the announcement at a Senate meeting yesterday afternoon.

He said that while McGill will keep its contract with the company that was hired to manage the bookstore 3 years ago, Barnes & Noble will replace Chapters as the company's controlling partner, and that company will likely change its name to one that reflects Barnes & Noble's stake. Currently, Barnes & Noble co-owns the company with Chapters Inc., the troubled Canadian retailer in the midst of a takeover by one-time rival Indigo Books.

"Chapters did not meet our expectations," said Yalovsky, "but I am confident that we will be able to see the immediate impact of Barnes & Noble's management."

Senate bookstore committee chair Kerry McSweeney said that Barnes & Noble's experience with college bookstore in the US, where it manages roughly 400 college bookstores, including stores at Harvard, Yale, and MIT, will go a long way

to ensuring the McGill's store runs more smoothly.

"The fundamental difference between Chapters and Barnes & Noble is that Barnes & Noble knows how to run a university bookstore," McSweeney said.

But Yalovsky said that an even bigger reason to put Barnes & Noble in charge is that the American company's financial stability means it will do a much better job of getting required textbooks to the store in time for the school year. Chapters had come under fire when the book chain's debts led many publishers to stop shipment to the McGill bookstore last summer, and then again in January, leaving many students without textbooks in time for the start of the semester.

At a Senate meeting earlier in the semester, those problems led Yalovsky to threaten to scrap McGill's deal with Chapters, even something was not done to right the bookstore's problems.

But yesterday, administrators said they were confident that, with Chapters virtually out of the picture, the bookstore's problems would be solved.

According to Alan Charade, McGill's Ancillary Services Director and the one in charge of the bookstore management contract, the new arrangement will separate

the bookstore's accounts from those of Chapters Inc., making a repeat of January's events highly unlikely.

ment their brand of store management and bring the store up to a level of operating excellence such that we don't have the problems that we saw this year ever again."

But a handful of senators said yesterday that they still had concerns with the new arrangement.

Grad Student Senator Robert Sim said he was worried that the planned changes would not be completed on time and that students would face another semester of bookstore bedlam.

"My most immediate concern is with how they are going to complete the restructuring on time," said Sim. "If there are still problems, even if they're just short-term, there will be the perception that the bookstore is still inept."

He said there was also reason for concern with the implications of having an American company run a Canadian campus bookstore that is dependent on many Canadian suppliers and Canadian texts.

"It is worth asking whether Barnes & Noble can address Canadian bookstores' needs," Sim said.

Political science professor and senate bookstore committee member Sam Noumoff said that he thought the woes that

the bookstore experienced under Chapters' management should have been a lesson to administrators.

"I'm not persuaded that [signing a contract with Chapters] was a good idea in the first place," he said. "My hope is that when the present contract runs out, we should seriously reconsider whether privatized management is the best option or whether we should return to a McGill-run bookstore," said Noumoff.

The news last week of the change in the McGill bookstore strategy will no doubt also be of interest to a number of other schools across the country where Barnes & Noble is hoping to sign many more campus bookstore deals. Currently, Chapters Campus Bookstores runs about a half-dozen stores at Southern Ontario colleges, though McGill is the only university on its client list thus far.

"It is definitely the intent of the joint Chapters / Barnes & Noble, whatever the new name, to expand our operations in Canada. We are very excited about the possibilities in this country," Barnes & Noble VP Campus Relations Ben Dixon said yesterday.

Meanwhile, back here at McGill, Sim thinks that we will all just have to wait and see whether Barnes & Noble's new-found role will finally fix the bookstore's problems, once and for all.

"The bottom line for students is that, come September, they want their textbooks in on time," Sim said. "Will that happen? I guess time will tell."



"Chapters Inc. will be taking a serious backseat," said Charade. "From now on, almost all of the operating finances will be through Barnes & Noble."

He continued, "I have no doubt that Barnes & Noble will immediately imple-

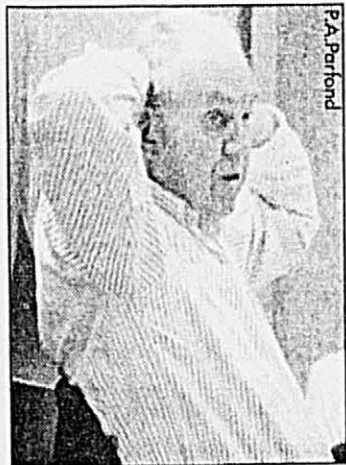
Canada's Left to Converge at McGill

Future of Canadian social democracy to be scrutinized at summer conference

BY HOLLY BECK
The McGill Daily

Canada's left-wing movement is at a crossroads, and the drama is set to play out at McGill this summer.

The McGill Institute for the Study of



Former NDP leader Ed Broadbent strikes a pose

Canada is slated to host a conference that will feature prominent Canadian leftists entitled "The Future of Social Democracy." The Canadian left has faced various difficulties of late, including low support in elections and growing internal rifts between the NDP and the labour movement, its traditional ally. The conference at McGill, scheduled for May 25-26, 2001, will address the future direction of the Canadian left, as well as the role of social democracy in Canada's future.

Although the list of invitees has not been finalized, Desmond Morton — McGill prof and head of the MISC — has said that the NDP will be allowed to send two caucus members. The Canadian Auto Workers, who contributed money to the conference, will be sending ten delegates. Others rumored to be on panel at the conference are public figures such as Judy Rebick and Andrew Jackson. Morton says they are "try-

ing to devise a representative sample" for "a conference where people could feel they're participating."

However, since the conference will be held in McGill's Moot Court, the capacity will be limited to 200 people. For this reason, the invitations will be limited as well.

The McGill summit was conceived and developed by Morton and Ed Broadbent, a former federal leader of the NDP who was also an instructor at McGill in the fall of 1999. While Broadbent was at McGill, the two discussed the prominence of social democracy in Europe, and the relatively meager support for it in Canada. The purpose of the conference is to assemble prominent social democrats for an in-depth look at the future of social democracy in Quebec, which has stronger support than in other provinces, and in Canada as a whole.

However, some are calling this confer-

ence a party affair, a chance for the NDP to discuss policy and strategy. Buzz Hargrove, head of the CAW, is afraid that the limitations on the size of the conference will inhibit the open forum concept. "All of this is pretty controlled to start out," Hargrove said about the limited invitations. "I'm worried about how open it will be and how we'll be able to get the real issues on the table. I'm worried that people won't have real input, that it will be about endorsing what the NDP is doing." Hargrove, who plans to attend the conference, wishes to really examine the direction the Canadian left is taking. As is, he says, the left is going nowhere, and serious change is needed.

Morton, however, insists that this conference will be "more of a learning than a political operatives experience." He has emphasized the fact that NDP issues will not be the focus of the summit. "People think the NDP needs new ideas," he said.

"If they can find them here, that's good, but that's not what's motivating me." Instead, Morton seems to have a broader focus. The MISC exists to study Canada, he says, and this is an opportunity to do just that. But there are also other reasons for distancing the event from the NDP. "One of our concerns is to make it as representative as possible," he said, "and you can't do social democracy in Quebec without Quebec social democrats, who on the whole don't run with the NDP."

Willy Blomme, a McGill student who recently ran for office in Westmount-Ville-Marie with the NDP party, stressed the importance of youth representation at the conference. "By virtue of their age, students are the future of these movements in the country," she said.

"We are going to be the people to carry out in the future whatever visions these conferences come up with."

Bullets Riddle Course Calendar

Class offerings decimated by black dots, a cause for concern for students, officials

BY SIMON RABINOVITCH
The McGill Daily

Arts students can expect a painful, vexing, hair-pulling experience when they sit down to pick their courses for next year.

That's because the cutback-crazy 1990s hit McGill hard, and the Faculty of Arts still suffers from the lingering fallout. The newly released course calendar is the latest example of this. The class offerings in Arts, more than in any other major faculty, are riddled with black bullets.

These small black dots are printed just to the left of various course numbers, indicating which classes will not be taught in the upcoming academic year. At first glance they appear innocuous, almost like tiny public service announcements. But when thumbing through the course calendar and seeing bullet after bullet, they soon become a source of considerable frustration.

Niki Popper, a U1 Philosophy student, knows all too well just how constricting the black bullets can be.

"The black bullets really get under my skin," she said. "They irritate me like you can't even imagine."

The course calendar for next year is the third one that Popper has had to peruse looking for possible course, and each time,

she says, the situation seems to deteriorate.

"There seems to be more and more every year."

There appears to be some grounding to Popper's observations. In this year's course calendar, 14 art history courses are black-bulleted. In next year's calendar, the number has jumped to 23. In political science, the black bullets are going up from 33 to a whopping 40. In the department of English the number actually went down, but more than one out of every three courses remains black-bulleted. Contrast these figures with the faculty of management's statistics. There, of the almost 160 courses listed in the calendar, management students are stymied by only four black bullets. Or, take a peek at the department of computer science's offerings. About 60 courses are listed, and again the students only four times have the misfortune of running into those pesky little black dots.

Funny as it may sound, some key university observers say these black bullets are indicative of a dangerous trend that has befallen academia.

"This is what we see happening across the university sector in Canada," said David Robinson, policy director at the Canadian Association of University Teachers.

Both governments and the universities

themselves are placing a heavy emphasis on the technical training aspects of university education to the detriment of the traditional arts and humanities disciplines, according to Robinson.

"That's particularly tragic in a way," he said. "One of the benefits of a broader university education... is that it offers you a broad range of learning experiences, and not just a narrowly focused technical training."

"The black dots are not there to make life miserable for arts students, that's not why they were invented."

While Robinson says people should be trained to have skills relevant to the labour market, he maintains that it is equally important to provide people with the educational experience that allows them to be active participants in civil society. And, this educational experience, he asserts, may be the very thing that is curtailed by the ubiquitous black bullets.

Bruce Shore is in a good position at McGill to understand how the black bullets come into being. Currently the president of the McGill Association of University Teachers, a professor and department head within the faculty of education, he will become the new Dean of Students in June. Shore says that, at its core, the problem facing McGill is a lack of funding, and this prevents the university from hiring enough professors. What's more, like Robinson, he believes that funding flows into faculties on an unequal basis.

"Black dots mean we don't have the personnel to offer the course," he said. "The parts of the university that come out on the short end of [the funding] stick are not exclusively, but tend to be the areas of the arts, humanities, education and social sciences. The renewed hiring is slower in these areas."

Shore thinks the government is the primary culprit in the disproportionate funding for the different faculties. Instead of trusting universities to use their resources wisely, Shore contends that public funders try to steer the university in specific directions, usually earmarking their money for whatever is politically hot at the time.

"The black bullets are an indication that there is a little bit of a tension between us at the university and what the people who

give us money - primarily the government - want us to be and to do as a learning community," he said. "It's a tough situation."

Other officials at McGill do not, however, read nearly as much into the deluge of black bullets. The associate dean of arts Enrica Quaroni, for one, thinks that her faculty is in better shape than it has been for several years now, pointing to the hiring of 20 new professors for next September. Though she recognizes that as the biggest faculty in the university, Arts may not get as much funding as it could, she does not think that the quality of any departments is compromised. And, the black bullets, she claims, are in the calendar purely for administrative reasons.

"Arts usually has quite a few courses that are bulleted simply because it lists a lot of courses and not all of them are offered every year," she said.

Shore is not as sanguine in his appraisal of the state of the humanities and social sciences at McGill, but is reassuring to students ridden with black bullet angst.

"The black dots are not there to make life miserable for arts students, that's not why they were invented," he said. "I would suspect that everybody from the dean of arts to every program coordinator and every professor wishes that we could offer more variety and not have those black dots."

Next year, surprise yourself, eh? Canadian studies courses to explore in 2001-2002

106-200A Introduction to the Study of Canada (3 credits; 3 lecture hours and 1 conference hour) An overview of approaches to the study of Canada, including economic, political, historical and cultural dimensions. **Prof. Daniel Samson**

106-202B Canadian Cultures: Context and Issues (3 credits. Prerequisite: ability to read French.) A survey course which traces the history of Canadian cultures from the middle of the 19th century to the present. It surveys the diversity of Canadian cultural identities through literature, drama, art and the mass media. The course features guest lecturers. Some course material will be in French. **Mr. David McKnight**

106-301A Topics in Canadian Studies II. 2001-02: The implied dialogue and argument among various representations of the West in recent Canadian fiction and poetry (3 credits) This course will take up the urgent issue of how a literature, national or regional, can be said to "represent" local aspirations or to create, reflect, or enact identity. What kinds of understandings of Western Canada does its literature make available to us? **Prof. Neil Besner, Seagram Visiting Chair in Canadian Studies**

The Canadian Studies Major and Minor Concentrations seek to provide students with a comprehensive multidisciplinary view of the nature and growth of Canada. Students completing a Major Concentration in Canadian Studies are encouraged to complete a second Major Concentration in a discipline such as Economics, English, History or Political Science as a complement to their Canadian Studies requirements. The Minor Concentration may be taken in conjunction with any primary program in Arts or Science. Canadian Studies will be of value to any student considering a career in education, law, business, government, social service, human resources, journalism and the media and graduate work in the social sciences and humanities.

106-303B Topics in Canadian Studies III. 2001-02: Canada's Official Language Minorities: History and Demography (3 credits) This course looks at the importance of Canada's official language minorities: the Anglophone in Quebec, the Francophone in the rest of Canada. An historical overview will focus on the settlement patterns of these communities and the challenges they face. Legal and constitutional issues and contemporary demographic concerns will be stressed. **Dr. Jack Jedwab**

106-403A Representing Material Culture. Studying the Canadian past through media, museums and art gallery exhibitions (3 credits. Prerequisite: Restricted to U2 and U3 students) This course examines 20th century Canadian public exhibitions featuring documents, photographs, film, fine and decorative arts, and how they may reveal historical truths and/or create myths about Canada's past. **Dr. Jane L. Cook**

106-407A Understanding Atlantic Canada (3 credits. Restriction: Location in the Bay of Fundy Student must be registered for the full fall semester on the Bay of Fundy Field Semester. Prerequisite: 170-201 *Society and Environment* and 101-203 *Canada: Survey Since 1867*; or permission of instructor. Corequisites: 183-497A *Ecology of Coastal Waters*; 170-465A *Environment and Social Change*; 170-466A *Research in Atlantic Canada*.) An interdisciplinary course emphasizing the historical context of current social, political, economic and environmental issues in Atlantic Canada. Social and economic development, resources uses, and culture will be examined in relation to the region's maritime context. (Awaiting university approval) **Profs. Suzanne Morton and Daniel Samson**

110-339B Canadian Prose Fiction II (3 credits) A survey of contemporary Canadian prose fiction in English, from modernism to post-modernism and beyond. **Prof. Neil Besner**

166-475B Canadian Ethnic Studies Seminar (3 credits) An interdisciplinary seminar focusing on current social sciences research and public policies in areas relating to Canadian ethnic studies. Topics will include ethnic and racial inequalities, prejudice and discrimination, ethnic identities and cultural expressions, the structure and organization of minority groups. **Prof. Morton Weinfeld**

301-350A The Material Culture of Canada (3 credits - offered in the School of Architecture) A study of the "stuff" of our lives; using a multi-disciplinary approach to the interpretation of the non-textual materials which have shaped the lives of past and present Canadians, using the resources of the McCord Museum and other Montreal museums, galleries and collections. Section 01: reserved for Architecture students; Section 02: reserved for Canadian Studies students; Section 03: reserved for other students. **Ms R. Richman Kenneally**

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McGill Principalship Up For Grabs

With Shapiro set to step down, the process to find a new principal has kicked into high gear

BY PHILLIP TODD
The McGill Daily

Principal Bernard Shapiro is set to retire from McGill's top job at the end of next year, and the clock is ticking to find his replacement.

The Statutory Committee to Nominate a Principal has been formed, and according to Bruce Shore, who represents the McGill Association of University Teachers on the board, "the committee is on the job."

But determining exactly how close the committee is to selecting McGill's next principal is another matter. The process is cloaked in secrecy, and according to an internal decision of the committee, only its chair, Dick Pound, who was unavailable for comment, is able to discuss the selection process.

But, according to Sam Noumoff, the board's senate representative, the process is nowhere near completion. "We've gone through a few meetings up to now. When this was last done prior to Bernard Shapiro's appointment, this committee had something like twenty meetings. We're nowhere near that now," said Noumoff.

Echoing Noumoff, Shore said that the committee is nowhere near discussing potential candidates and is now focusing on what the ideal person's experience would be. "The committee is at the point of determining its requirements for the position," said Shore.

Explaining the decision to guard the selection process from scrutiny, Shore pointed to the need to protect prospective candidates.

"A principal is a rare person," said Shore. "You're looking for people who are already likely involved in very responsible

activities and who have to be treated with dignity and respect for their privacy," said Shore.

Meanwhile, Noumoff gave his assurances that the process would be an inclusive one. He pointed to an ad floated in the campus media a few weeks ago asking for input from members of the university community and noted that such an invitation for input was standard practice.

"The ad was put in the campus press to inform everyone, the student, staff, and faculty who read those things, to know who it is they should contact, should they want to voice their opinions either about the process, or about a candidate," remarked Noumoff.

Aaron Windsor, chair of the Post-Graduate Students' Society, said that he was satisfied with the level of inclusiveness of the process. "As long as you have student representation and those representatives are duly elected, then I'd say that it's an inclusive process," said Windsor.

Windsor also agreed that the process should be kept secret. "I can understand the necessity for confidentiality completely," said Windsor. "Obviously during the selection process, some egos and some wills and some attitudes and some philosophies will clash, but I think there is an effort there to be as accommodating to everyone as possible and to give students a voice in the selection of whose gonna be running their school."

Windsor thought that experience should be the determining factor in selecting the next principal.

"We need someone who has the interests of the students at heart, who has experienced the system, who knows the troubles that universities are currently facing, and who is willing to stand up and fight for

money for education and increase public support," asserted Windsor.

Windsor noted that while Shapiro's contribution to McGill has been immense, some in the university community considered him to be too distant.

"He was a very good principal to come in at the time he did, in 1994, when things were very rocky for the university," said Windsor. "I think that some students in the past might have viewed him as being a little unapproachable."

"What the committee should take home from the Shapiro experience is that you do need someone forceful, you do need someone who is going to be in control, and be decisive, but you need someone now who is going to be more a PR man. Shapiro was more the administrator," said Windsor.

As for Shapiro, the end of his term as McGill's principal will cap off a distinguished career. Shapiro's accomplishments include earning a doctorate in education at Harvard, as well as stints teaching at Boston University, the University of Western Ontario, and the University of Toronto, before becoming a deputy minister in Ontario's Ministry of Education. He left the bureaucracy in the late 1980s to take a professorial post at the University of Toronto, before finally taking over as McGill's head honcho. Besides his rapid rise through the ranks of the education sector, Shapiro has also distinguished himself by taking home such awards as the Order of Canada and honorary degrees from McGill, University of Toronto, McMaster University, Université de Montréal, and the University of Edinburgh.

-with files by Jon Bricker

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Events Coordinator (2)
Tavern Coordinators (2)
Red and White Coordinators (2)
Publicity Coordinator
External Affairs Committee (10)
By-Law and Constitutional Review Committee (1)
Red and White Committee (2)
Financial Management Committee (6)
Graduate Information Fair Coordinators (2)
Graduate Information Fair Committee (10)
Faculty of Arts Committee (17)
Committee on Student Affairs (4)
Curriculum Committee (4)
Library Advisory Committee (1)
Arts Student Employment Fund Committee (2)
AUS Historical Research Committee (5)
AUS Award Committee (2)

Deadline to apply for any of these positions April 13th at 5pm Applications must be submitted to AUS office (basement of arts building, across from Veggirama)

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Green Policy Clears a Big Hurdle

Policy statement, principles to go to Senate for final approval

BY ROBERTO ROCHA
News Reporter

A thorough proposal for a brand new, campuswide environmental policy, was finally passed by the senate committee that had been widely accused of fence-sitting for long failing to seriously consider the policy.

The Senate Committee on Physical Development widely approved of a plan to bring the draft policy to Senate, the body now set to decide on the policy's fate.

The SCPD reached its decision after committee members spent an entire hour listening to the drums and the ecomantras of dozens of student demonstrators, many of whom had participated in drafting the policy.

The SCPD agreed to pass the mission statement that accompanies the draft policy as well as six out of seven of the principles outlined in the policy, all of which will now go to Senate for final approval.

"I'm glad the policy statement and the six principles were passed," said Brian Sarwer-Foner, Post-Graduate representative to the Environmental Policy Workgroup that spent most of this year preparing the draft policy.

He said that the most contentious part of the policy had yet to be dealt with, however. The SCPD did not have enough time at last week's meeting to consider the EPW's recommendations which include more detailed plans for making McGill green. The SCPD will consider the recommendations at the end of May.

"We phased the recommendations so that the harder ones are dealt with at a later point," Sarwer-Foner said.

He added that the lone policy principle not passed by the SCPD called for the adoption of full cost-accounting procedures which Sarwer-Foner said are required to "reflect the full life of a product or a tool or a utility that's used, to avoid wastage."

The cost-accounting proposal was

moved to the "Recommendations" section of the policy which the SCPD will consider next month.

Among the proposals that did pass were calls for the university to minimize energy use, purchase more environmentally benign products, and promote environmental literacy in the campus community.

"As long as McGill maintains a commitment to the environment as a high priority, we are satisfied," said Professor Saeed Mirza, the EPW's chair.

Many members of the EPW and Greening McGill, the QPIRG working group that has been pushing for an environmental policy for several years, had expressed disappointment after the SCPD's tabling of the policy documents at their last meeting.

At the time, the policy's opponents said the EPW was asking for too much, too soon, and that the policy would not likely have well-received by Senate.

This time, the EPW came back to the SCPD with a proposal to implement the policy in more manageable phases over the next 10 years. They said last week, however, that they will continue to demand that the university move immediately to hire a full-time environmental officer, perform an extensive audit to determine exactly what needs to be done, and strike a Senate Committee on the Environment.

The proposal for the environment committee proved particularly contentious, with some SCPD members suggesting that the committee should only be a part of the existing Environmental Safety office, or else just a sub-committee of the SCPD.

"We hope that the environment isn't reduced to just a sub-committee," Sarwer-Foner said.

But Cassie Seaborn, SSMU representative to the EPW said that administrators were beginning to show signs that they are listening to students. She praised the proposal by Morty Yalovsky, McGill's vice-principal administration and finance, to hire three students during the summer to perform the environmental audit.

"They're starting to realize the importance of the policy at the level of the administration," said Seaborn. The SCPD realized that this is something students care about, that they can't keep putting this off. They certainly heard our chants."

She added that environmental activists already have plans for yet another large-scale demonstration when the policy makes it Senate. "The same mobilization will have to occur when the policy goes to Senate to make sure that they hear our voices," said Seaborn.



PA Parfond

Dispatches from The Daily's Enviroguy

The Daily's intrepid environmental correspondent spends a night in the cold, loves every second of it

BY ROBERTO ROCHA
News Reporter

Yellow journalism I've heard of, but when The Daily's news editors asked me to try my hand at green journalism, I had no clue what to expect. I certainly never expected that I'd soon spend a long night, holed up with 45 other students, a blue tarp our only shelter, and sleeping on the frozen tundra of McGill's lower field.

Then again, I never expected I'd come into contact with a group of students as dedicated to a cause as those in Greening McGill and the McGill School of Environment. And so, when I heard that they had plans to spend four days and nights camping out on campus in a show of support for a new environmental policy for the university, I jumped at the chance to join them for a night. If these activists can show that sort of support for the cause of the environment, why couldn't I show that same sort of do-anything, go-anywhere commitment to journalism? Of course, coming from a country that has only two seasons (hot and dry, hot and wet), I didn't think that would be too tough.

I arrived on lower campus at 7 pm, Wednesday evening, last week. It looked like the set of Survivor, had the show been filmed in the Arctic. The main tent consisted of a large blue plastic tarp held up by some two-by-fours and rope — a single wall of snow the only thing between us and the fast-blowing, subzero winds. The group of small tents around the larger one like static satellites, gave the main tent an odd air of tribal eminence.

Inside the large tent, the demonstrators were models of modesty, their only amenities a small gas stove, and on the other side of the tent a mass of sleeping bags, pillows and blankets, kept dry by a plastic tarp beneath them.

I was greeted by three of the demonstrators, one of them a volunteer from the People's Potato soup kitchen who had donated a vat of borscht and promptly offered me some. For people willing to set aside three nights in the middle of the late semester essay rush in the name of the environment, generosity was not in short supply, as I soon realized. This kind of kindness was echoed a few minutes later, when Prof. Saeed Mirza from Civil Engineering and head of the

Environmental Policy Workgroup arrived with a box of ten dozen samosas. And though only a few of the activists were there to receive the food, he showered the group with praise. "This is a wonderful idea, and will surely open the university's eyes to the students' concerns," he said, before bidding us goodnight.

By 7:30 pm, a group of 15 had gathered to enjoy a potluck spread of vegan treats, ranging from borscht to salads to oatmeal cookies, and to discuss the plans for the next day. The plan was to wind up their demonstration with an hours-long protest, in hopes of getting the attention of members of the McGill Senate committee set to meeting that day, to consider the proposed environmental policy.

The idea for the camping demonstration, dubbed by participants The Green Ghetto, came from McDonald Campus students who built and slept in rudimentary snow shelters for about a week (when) in support of (what cause). When they heard how what a success that had been, Greening McGill members got to work.

"We decided to build a crescendo of student activities building up to this date, ending with the camping," said Spencer Mann, one of the organizer of last week's protest. "There was an excellent turnout for setting up camp. Twenty-five of us met at 5:30 at the Milton Gates and had tents up by ten."

Mann said the demonstrators quickly ran into problems with McGill security officials, but when some of the demonstrators met with Security Services supervisor Louise Savard, the next day, the demonstration got the okay from Savard who, says Mann, understood the importance of their cause. "She was very friendly, very easy to work with once we explained what our goal was," said Mann.

For the next two nights, the intrepid group joined in drumming circles, kept the shelter running, and led discussions on the need for McGill to be a leader in environmental responsibility. At least two volunteers stood behind a petition table to provide written proof that students care about the policy. By the time I arrived on the scene, no fewer than 1000 members of the campus community had signed on.

As the night wore on, dozens of students were in and out, dropping off food, blankets, and sleeping bags, or simply voicing their admiration for the effort. Others ping-ponged between the camp and Gert's,

where a QPIRG fundraiser took place for the upcoming FTAA protests in Quebec City.

By shortly after midnight, everyone was in their sleeping bags, arranged in patchworks of parallel bodies bunched close together to share body warmth. A before-bed head count confirmed 55 people were present. And after some cheers of triumph, we were lulled to sleep by a few music-making participants. The excitement about the day that lay ahead was almost palpable.

Early in the afternoon, there came the first chants from the gathered protesters at the Roddick gates: "We want to have a green McGill, so pass the policy and then we will," the demonstrators shouted. Close by, a second protest — one for activists concerned with the environmental implications of the free trade agreement that will be discussed in two weeks in Quebec City — drew the attention of McGill's own eco-policy activists, who joined the other demonstration, increasing their ranks to 40.

From there, armed with banners, buckets, drums, whistles, and harmonicas, the marchers made their way to the Macdonald Engineering Building, where the Senate Committee on Physical Development (SCPD) was set to meet to decide the fate of the environmental policy proposal.

Thursday's demonstration reached its height with the appearance of Environmental Policy Man, the green-clad, masked superhero that the campus activists have named their mascot. (Earlier in the week, his heroics had also included mounting the Arts Building to fly a banner which read, "Pass the Policy!" On this day, he led the gathered group in two new mantras: "Implementation of recommendations!" and "SCPD, we want a policy!"

As the crowd grew to 70, John Engler, an organizer of the rally, stood and yelled to the echo of cheers, "The SCPD is in session right now and they can hear us!"

Perhaps the SCPD did hear the protesters, because at that very meeting the committee passed the policy's statement of principles, though it left discussion of actual recommendations for a later date.

And when all was said and done, Mirza could not hold back his admiration for the campers. "This is a wonderful commitment, this kind of non-confrontational protesting that shows students care about the environment and other people too," he said.



PA Parfond



Enviro Demo Stops Traffic

Noisy protests called FTAA preview

BY MATT LEVINE
The McGill Daily

A host of community groups and eco-activists rallied last Thursday in hopes of "drumming-out" a meeting of world environment ministers who, the activists say, are putting the globalization agenda before the environment.

The protests targeted a meeting of 34 environment ministers from the countries that will meet in Quebec City next month to make plans for the FTAA, a free-trade agreement that will link most of the western hemisphere.

Last week's protests, organized by local anti-globalization and environmentalist groups, stopped traffic on Sherbrooke between Metcalf and Peel for several hours as the protesters demanded that the Canadian government do more to safeguard our environment. They insisted that Canada needs to take a larger leadership role in international environmental regulation by upholding agreements like the Kyoto protocol on greenhouse gases.

Lookers-on from inside the Omni Hotel where the environment ministers were meeting, witnessed a parade that included twenty protesters dressed as "mad cows" as Montreal's "raging grannies," a group of older activist that have made their mark in Canada's social justice movement in the last few years.

The demonstrators also found supporters in workers from nearby office towers.

"We all have to do something. I come out here just on my lunch hour while [other demonstrators] do more than that, but we are absolutely in solidarity," said Pierre Ostigny, an employee in a nearby office tower.

Many also linked the meeting of environment ministers from the world's wealthiest and most powerful countries with the upcoming Quebec City talks. The world's political powers-that-be, the demonstrators said, are pushing ahead with hemispheric economic integration through deregulation, privatization, and internationalization, all at the expense of the environment.

Council of Canadians chair Maude Barlow also criticized the meeting ministers for failing to speak out against a recent decision by US President George W. Bush, to renege on his country's commitments to the

Kyoto protocol which calls on countries of the world to limit greenhouse gas emissions.

"We have a conference of silent environment ministers on the other side of the street who won't account for the fact that George W. Bush declared war on earth yesterday," Barlow said.

Rebecca Sanders, a student who says she has been heavily involved in FTAA-Alert, McGill's upstart anti-globalization group, described what she called the scary impact that free trade has on efforts to protect the environment. "The FTAA means reducing non-tariff barriers to trade that means public health and environmental regulations are potentially illegal."

She pointed to a recent case in which the Canadian government was sued under NAFTA, for prohibiting the importation of a gasoline additive called MMT that was believed to pose an environmental threat. Ethyl Corporation, who produces MMT, claimed that this unfairly restricted market access and won millions of dollars in damages from the Canadian government.

McGill grad student and eco-activist Brian Sarwer-Foner said protesting events like last week's environment summit was necessary, because citizens had not been invited to the FTAA negotiating table.

"Protesting is not a failed attempt to participate [in negotiations]. We were never invited. The FTAA negotiation process is completely closed and anti-democratic," said Sarwer-Foner.

Hoisting a sign declaring "Democracy is not a spectator sport," ragin' granny Barbara Seifred was even more up-front about the need for protests. "Unless you are a complete blockhead you realize that the environment is important. This is our home."

"Just the other day I heard someone talking on the radio about going to another planet, as if that was a substitute to solving problems here. What incredible foolishness," said Seifred.

But activism, particularly if it includes young people, she said, can make all the difference. Seifred said she was heartened by the impressive turnout by McGill students and other young people at last week's protest.

"It is great to see more young people out here. It used to be that these rallies would be all older and middle-aged people, but that's not the case any more."

-with files from Pierre-Olivier Savoie



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PROGRAMMATION DE L'HIVER 2000-2001 WINTER PROGRAM GUIDE

	MONDAY LUNDI	TUESDAY MARDI	WEDNESDAY MERCREDI	THURSDAY JEUDI	FRIDAY VENDREDI	SATURDAY SAMEDI	SUNDAY DIMANCHE
7	THE MONDAY MORNING AFTER	THE TUESDAY MORNING AFTER	THE WEDNESDAY MORNING AFTER	LE LENDEMAIN DE LA VEILLE	THE FRIDAY MORNING AFTER	TBA (CONT'D)	MIND, SOUL, AND SPIRIT
8						QUÉBEC-ACADIE EN MUSIQUE	
9	LATIN MUSIC MONDAYS/MADE IN BRAZIL	BASABASA SOUKOUS SOUKOUS SOUNDZ	WHERE'S THE BEAT?	FOLK ROOTS, FOLK BRANCHES	JAZZ AMUCK	J.A.C. ON THE AIR/ANYTHING GOES	LATIN TIME
10						SAMEDI MIDI	INT'L RADIO REPORT DOBBIN'S DEN
11	CHANNEL 01 TBA	CHANNEL 02 TBA	CHANNEL 03 XX FILES	CHANNEL 04 TBA	CHANNEL 05 LEGAL EASE		
12	WORLD SKIP THE BEAT	VICTORIOUS AND INVINCIBLE	THE MUSIC OF SOUND	VENUS	BUTCHER T'S NOON-TIME CUTS		
13							THE HEARING TRUMPET
14	SONART / SOUVERAINS ANONYMES	VOKO	CROSSROADS	MAKING CONTACT COUNTERSPIN	SIGAW NG BAYAN	FUNKY REVOLUTIONS	ENTRE CIEL ET TERRE
15	NEW ERA BUILDING	TBA	THE LION'S DEN	POSITIVE VIBES	AACK!		
16						WEST INDIAN RHYTHMS	SPACE BOP
17	OFF THE HOUR	ENTRE PARENTHESES	OFF THE HOUR	OFF THE HOUR	OFF THE HOUR		BHUM BHUM TIME
18	QUEERCORPS/ CITEAIEV	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	HERSAY	UPSTAGE	CAFÉ		BOLLYWOOD DHAMAKA
19	DYKES ON MYKES/BALLADES DES FURIES	MTL JEWISH MAGAZINE CONTEMPORARY MADNESS	AMANDLA	GREY MATTERS	LISTENING TO LATIN AMERICA	MASTERS AT WORK	BLUEGRASS RAMBLING
20	UNDERGROUND SOUNDS	SOUL PERSPECTIVES	JAZZ EUPHORIUM	DROMOTEXTE	MACONDO		COUNTRY CLASSICS
21		TROPIQUES		CHAUD POUR LE MONT-STONE / FRANCIS ET LES EXERCICES		A SHOT IN THE DARK/MORE LIKE SPACE	CHA CHA CHA IN BLUE
22	DRASTIC PLASTIC		JUST AN IMMIGRANT		THE WEEKEND GROOVE	UNE FILLE ET SONS PUNK ROCK	ILL GROOVE GARDEN
23	PIR@TE & LIBRE!	HARVEY CHRIST RADIO HOUR		ENTERTAINMENT THROUGH PAIN	WEFUNK	STEREO PHOBIC	SOUND OF SOUL
24		FREEZONE/PURE + SIMPLE	ROCK 'N' ROLL RADIO ROOT ROT ROUND-UP				ROOTS, ROCK, REGGAE
1	SUB_URBAN SOUNDLAB			PURE POP FOR TWISTED PEOPLE	MADHURAGA	UTOPIA'S PARADISE	
2		SEXY LIKE MAKE BELIEVE	OFF THE HOOK				
3	THE SPRAWL						
4			WINGS OF A DOVE	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	CYPHER		NIGHTHAWKS AT THE DINER
5	THE CROW JANGLE	FULL CIRCLE					
6					TBA		

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DESIGN BY ERIN WHITAKER

EVERY OTHER WEEK Δ A TOUTES LES DEUX SEMAINES FIRST WEEK OF THE MONTH √ LA PREMIÈRE SEMAINE DU MOIS

VIBELINE:

398-4616

The Semester

The Daily looks back at the hazy,

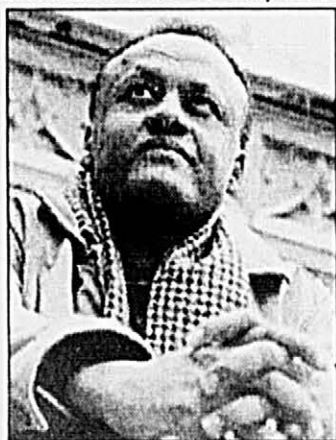
January

MCGILL AND PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT SIGN PERFORMANCE CONTRACTS

McGill signed a performance contract with the Quebec Government at the end of December that will bring the university an extra \$100-million over the next three years. The much-needed cash infusion will help to boost an operating budget left battered by years of government cutbacks. While Education Minister François Legault said that the goal of the performance contracts is to make sure that universities are developing according to a set of province-wide goals, some in the McGill community worried that the deal would give the government too much control over the university's academic direction. But Principal Shapiro said that while he would prefer it if McGill were entirely unencumbered by any accountability mechanisms, he did not feel that the Department of Education was overstepping its bounds. "I do not think it is unreasonable for the government to demand some level of accountability from the university in terms of its own social agendas," said Shapiro.

MURDER PLOT REVEALED

McGill students and faculty returned to school this January amid news that McGill Alumnus and Governor General's award winner Nega Mezlekia had included in his autobiography, *I Can't Recognize Myself Anymore*, a description of a 1994 murder plot to be carried out at McGill University. Mezlekia wrote that he intended to kill, "six people in the department and all higher university officials I could find," including his thesis advisors and a number of Engineering profs. Mezlekia told the National Post that plot detailed in his manuscript was imaginary, and was not to be taken seriously. "It was a work of fiction. I never went to Michigan to buy a gun. I never intended to kill anybody. I don't have a gun. I never had a gun," he told the Post. Administrators at the University relations

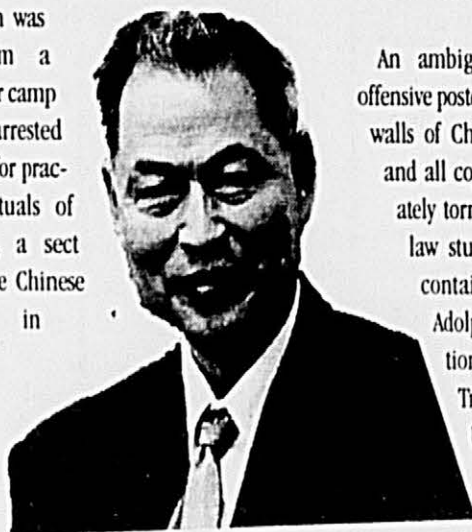


office indicated that no legal action would be pursued against Mezlekia.

CHINA FREES JAILED PROF

One-time McGill instructor

Zhang Kunlun was released from a Chinese labour camp after being arrested and detained for practicing the rituals of Falun Gong, a sect banned by the Chinese government in 1999. The release came one month in advance of the



Team Canada trade mission to China. The decision to release Zhang was met with scepticism by human rights advocacy groups who viewed it as little more than a one-time gesture on the part of the Chinese government to improve its image and placate the international human rights community. "This seems starkly, transparently, a means of pleasing Canada and the Canadian mission when there has been a crackdown and a step-up in arrests," remarked Amnesty Canada's John Tackaberry of the move to release just a single, high-profile prisoner.

MCGILL TO SELL ITS REPUTATION ONLINE

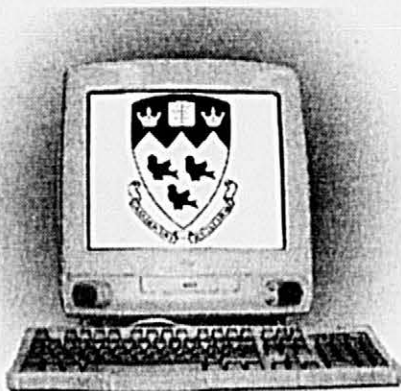
The McGill Daily learned in January that a mega-deal was in the works between Thomson Corp. and 18 universities around the world, including McGill. If the deal is accepted, Thomson would market a new line of web-based university courses bearing the names of participating universities. In return for the use of their names, universities will receive royalties on all profits made by Thomson from the initiative. Proponents of the potential deal point to the need to generate new sources of revenue, and the growing demand for online education. But critics worry that if McGill signed on, there would be no way of assuring that the standards of quality that are usually associated with the University's reputation would be maintained. "There is a general search for revenue from universities, but we need to do it without undermining our own values. If we aren't care-

ful, we could be left rich, but without any value," said principle Shapiro of McGill's attitude towards the potential deal.

"SOCIAL EXPERIMENT" PROVES MORE CONTROVERSIAL THAN INFORMATIVE

An ambiguous, potentially offensive poster turned up on the walls of Chancellor Day Hall and all copies were immediately torn down by angered law students. The posters contained a picture of Adolph Hitler in addition to the caption, "A True Author of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights," and a quote by

Nietzsche that read, "Whoever fights monsters should take care that he does not become a monster himself." The author of the poster explained to The Daily that he was conducting a social experiment. "This was really a test of the reaction to ambiguous or challenging speech," explained the author, a male law student who asked not to be identified. "Obviously it wasn't a message for glorifying Hitler or Nazism. I concocted something that was open to multiple interpretations. It's interesting how quickly the reaction was to take [the posters] down." Many law students felt that this was an inappropriate form of provoking intellectual debate. "If you want to generate discussion, why don't you put your question in a clear fashion? Why the secret? [The posters are] just there gratu-



itously... there's no discussion," remarked François Tanguay-Renaud of the controversial poster.

FACULTY CARNIVALS CRITICIZED

The Sexual Assault Centre of McGill University spokesperson Sarah Curry criti-

cized the Faculty Carnivals for creating a potentially unsafe environment this January. The Science Carnival included a "booty camp," a vomiting competition, erotic ice sculptures, and skits which featured simulated oral sex. "I think combining an alcohol-oriented event with eroticized activities promotes an atmosphere that doesn't feel safe to all participants, and perhaps it isn't safe," said Curry. Over the last number of years there have been many complaints about violent incidents and harassment which have occurred during Winter Carnivals.

February

BOOKSTORE'S FUTURE IN DOUBT

Trilogy Retail Enterprises sent shock waves through the Canadian publishing industry in early February, taking over Chapter Inc., the Canadian book giant that owns the McGill Bookstore. After months of book shortages, credit problems, and deteriorating service the merger offered McGill the

opportunity to reconsider its arrangement with the beleaguered book retailer over management of the university book store. "In the long-term, we will consider our plan of action at the end of this semester. We have the option to serve notice to Chapters, at which point we could look for other partners or revert to [running the bookstore ourselves]," said Vice-principal Administration and Finance Morty Yalovsky of McGill's relationship with Chapter.

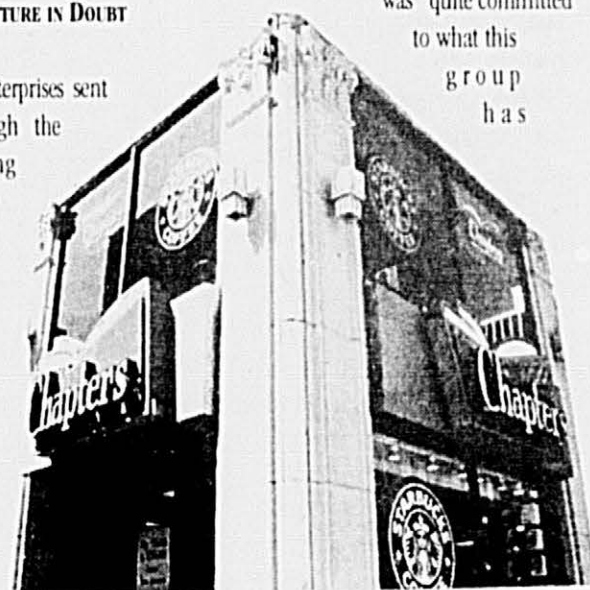
PROVINCE THREATENS TO RENEG ON PERFORMANCE CONTRACT

Just two months after signing a lucrative performance contract with McGill, the provincial education ministry announced that proposed tax cuts might just jeopardize the university's chances of actually receiving the \$100 million promised. Phil Ilijevsky, of the Quebec chapter of the

Canadian Federation of Students, called the province's announcement "a slap in the face," and said that "the government is sending a clear message to youth groups that it's okay to renege on your promises."

ENVIRONMENTAL POLICY CALLS IGNORED

Upon presenting the Senate Committee on Physical Development with a new environmental policy proposal, McGill's Environmental Policy Workgroup was quickly snubbed. Senate voted to table the policy and discuss it at a later date, pending an audit of current policy. Bruce Shore, chair of the department of education and counseling psychology, and the initiator of the motion to table the policy, said that he took the action because he was "quite committed to what this group has



done." He continued that he "thought it would most quickly and most effectively advance the things the committee wants to achieve." Members of the workgroup were not impressed. Brian Sarwer-Foner noted that as far as he understood, "when a policy is tabled by a senate committee, that is the same as killing it." Later, in March, students protested the committee's inaction by staging a camp-in on campus.

March

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT FEES ON THE RISE

Vice-Principals Morty Yalovsky and Luc Vinet announced a five per cent increase in undergraduate international student fees, prompting immediate calls for regulation of such fees by the university.

Jennifer Bilec, President of the McGill International Students' Network, requested that a motion be passed "ensuring that fee

in Review

crazy past four months

increases are regulated to a percentage that can be agreed upon between Senate and international students." International students later staged a demonstration in the hopes of changing administrators' minds. Of the demonstration, Bilec said, "it's more than one voice that cares about fee increases and about the very short notice McGill gives us."

STUDENTS DENIED CHANCE TO PROTEST IN QUEBEC

While Concordia students were granted exam deferrals allowing them to protest at the upcoming FTAA summit in Quebec City, McGill's Senate was not so accommodating. After nearly an hour of debate, 32 senators, including student representatives, voted against allowing McGill students to delay their exams. Thirty-one senators voted in favour of the motion. Many students declared that they would use other channels, such as those which allow for exam deferral due to illness or travel concerns, in order to help swell the ranks of protesters in the provincial capital. A motion to reconsider the vote was brought forward the next week by a senator who had originally dissented, but it failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority support.

ADMINISTRATION NEGOTIATING "IN BAD FAITH" WITH STUDENTS' SOCIETIES



The Science, Arts, and Management Undergraduate Societies were denied their cut of student fees by the McGill administration, which demanded that those societies sign new letters of agreement with the university. Jayne Gardiner, VP Internal for SUS, accused McGill of withholding the badly needed fees in an attempt to pressure the three societies into signing deals which they might not have the time to scrutinize.

Gardiner maintained that the university was "negotiating in bad faith," and vowed, even in the face of financial difficulties, not to sign anything "until we're satisfied with terms." McGill VP Administration and Finance Morty Yalovsky was unconcerned by the societies' worries about being in the red, claiming that the administration had previously distributed fees, despite the lack of an agreement, "on good faith, believing that they were close to signing."

SSMU ELECTIONS MARRED BY SCANDAL

Arif Chowdhury, a candidate for the SSMU presidency, was disqualified by Elections McGill on charges of bribery just days before polls opened. Opponent Ramzi Hindieh blew the whistle when Chowdhury, through two friends, guaranteed him the following year's SUS Presidency in exchange for dropping out of the SSMU race. When confronted by the elections committee, Chowdhury confirmed his role in the conspiracy and was immediately disqualified. He later denied any wrongdoing in an interview with The Daily. Hindieh speculated that Chowdhury saw him as a threat to his voter base within the Faculty of Science, and attempted to convince him that his campaign was doomed from the start. A disgraced Chowdhury later resigned his post as SUS President.

ELECTIONS SIGNAL A KINDER, GENTLER SSMU

Candidates with an aim towards improving SSMU's rapport among students came out big in the spring elections. Jeremy Farrell, who campaigned with the intent to head up a more open and accountable student government, captured over half of votes cast for President. Raoul Gebert won a tight race for VP Operations because, as he noted, "people wanted some things to change," and he was the only candidate who confronted the issues. Jennifer Bilec took the University Affairs portfolio; Danielle Lanteigne will assume the mantle of VP Community and Government; Martin Doe promised strong support for clubs as VP Clubs and Services; and Brian Ker is the new VP

Communications and Events. Farrell expressed great satisfaction with the new SSMU executive, stressing that "we all bring different things to the table." And all are behind Farrell in his quest for a more open council. Brian Ker was keen to stress that "we really have to try and reinvigorate a sense of confidence in SSMU. I want to try and get the message across that SSMU does actually perform well."

ARTS COURSES FACING CAPS

The Faculty of Arts has decided to tackle the problem of overcrowding by applying caps to many of its courses. A trial run, to begin

next September, will affect classes which typically see an enrolment of over 100 students.

Nick Linardopolous, the Arts Undergraduate Society's VP Academic, called the action a compromise

between students' rights to a diverse selection of courses and to proper facilities for examinations. Linardopolous assured students that the measure will be a temporary one, in place only until such time as the faculty raises the funds to construct an additional building. Many students will be exempted from the cap, such as first-year students and those for whose programs the course is required. In light of these exemptions, most students view the move as a just one.

DAYCARE COMING...SOON

Solidifying his reputation as a real go-getting, can-do kind of guy, SSMU Vice-President Operations Kevin McPhee triumphantly declared that the student daycare would finally materialize in Sept., 2001. The declared opening comes four years after students initially began paying for the service, and two years after

McPhee took charge of the situation. Everything is in place, the Veep noted, except a permit from the Quebec government. "The policies have to be worked out, but all of those things are the easiest part, all they require is hard work, you know, put down the hours, and it's going to happen," McPhee said. Incoming VP Operations Raoul Gebert said that he plans to petition the government to ensure the timely granting of the daycare permit. "Things will get rolling the more you facilitate and take initiative," Gebert said. McPhee declined to comment on whether or not he understood the phrase "take initiative."

HOUSING CRUNCH ONLY GETTING WORSE

For the first time in years, McGill is reneging on its promise of guaranteed accommodation for first-year students. A new lottery system will ensure that available spaces are allotted fairly between international students, students from the United States, from Ontario, from Quebec, and from the rest of Canada. Bernard Shapiro explained the deficit of available residence rooms, saying that McGill had been neglectful too long. "The need didn't become so critical so soon, we just didn't pay enough attention," said Shapiro. Possible plans for expanding available residence space included a plan to incorporate sections of the Royal Victoria Hospital at the corner of University and des Pins, as well as building an entirely new building. Both plans, however, will not alleviate the housing difficulties for the next waves of incoming students. McGill plans to beef up services at the Student Housing Office in order to accommodate increased demand for off-campus housing.

CBA FINALLY DEAD

One year after students turned out in record numbers to say no to an exclusive beverage deal between McGill and Coca-Cola, university officials have finally called off any campus-wide agreement with the cola corporation. The most recent incarnation of the Cold Beverage agreement would have given Coke partial exclusivity on campus, and would have brought McGill an estimated \$5-million over the next several years. Bernard More, Coca-Cola's Eastern Canada spokesperson said that the company would change tactics, moving to sign deals with individual student societies rather than the university at large. Critics of last year's proposed cold beverage agreement, however, were unimpressed by the university's slow response to last year's referendum. "The fact that this took them so long, the fact that they continued negotiations at all after the 'No' vote, says a lot about what McGill thinks about student democracy on campus," remarked Phil Gohier, an Engineering student who helped lead the 'No' campaign in last winter's referendum.

REDMEN GET FLACK

The McGill Redmen football program was rocked in March by allegations that three members of the team had been involved in a gay-bashing incident - allegations that had some people on campus and in the Montreal queer community calling for strong action to be taken by the team. The incident was first reported as a gaybashing in Hour Magazine, when Concordia student Michael Kelly identified members of the Redmen as the aggressors. He said that they had begun harassing him in a Prince-Arthur night-spot, calling him a "fuckin' faggot," and threatening violence. While both Kelly and members of the team deny that the incident was an instance of gaybashing, Michelle Lamoureux, a coordinator for Dire Enfin la Violence, a Montreal group which promotes awareness about gaybashing, said that the fact that homosexuality was used as a pretense for violence is still unforgivable.



Student Groups May Unite for Their Rights

McGill student leaders looking into accrediting as a union to guard against aggressive university action

BY SEAN CARRIE
The McGill Daily

In the wake of last December's accreditation drive at Concordia, where that university's student body voted overwhelmingly in favour of unionization to distinctly separate itself from the administration, SSMU execs and execs-elect are speaking about following suit.

The provincial government's Bill 32 encourages student societies to accredit, thereby forming student unions that are protected from the whims of university administration. While university administrators would likely still provide services like fee collection for the student societies and retain control over leasing of the Shatner building, they would be unable to deny the societies those fees under any circumstances.

Within the ranks of McGill student gov-

ernance, consensus seems to be that the present dynamic between student representatives and the administration favours the latter party, and that accrediting will place students on the level playing field they so badly need in order to claim even basic rights.

Raoul Gebert, next year's SSMU VP Operations, has expressed a great deal of interest in the accreditation process, both because it "guarantees the student union certain rights" and because it ensures that the university "recognize the union as the only valid voice of students."

Under present agreements, on the other hand, the university would have what Gebert calls an easy time denying student societies their fees. "That would obviously be catastrophic," he said.

With an accredited student union, he continued, "it's our money, and they can't charge us any fees, either."

Current SSMU President Wojtek Baraniak pointed to the administration's recent refusal to pass student fees on to the Arts, Management, and Science Undergraduate Societies as a conflict which could be avoided if unions accredited.

"SUS hasn't been transferred their money, CKUT hasn't been transferred their money. These actions justified our thoughts regarding accreditation."

He said he has been investigating accreditation as a way to better ensure student interests.

"The only benefits from our incorporation in the 1980s are the letters of agreement which we have with the administration, but societies have noticed that the university is keen on taking things away from us," said Baraniak.

While he was optimistic that SSMU and other students' societies would continue moving towards accreditation, he stressed that

"we have to proceed with these things very slowly. Otherwise, this might be interpreted as an aggressive move by the students."

But Gebert maintains that such changes would not be aimed at "getting" the administration, but at benefitting SSMU itself. "The reason we really, really want accreditation is that it would change the structure of SSMU itself rather than trying to radically step on the feet of the university administration," he said.

Rob Green, President of the Concordia Students' Union and one of the architects of the CSU's accreditation drive, noted that they, too, acted "more to protect future infractions. We were worried that the university might try to charge us rent for our office space. In addition, the university had been trying to sign a contract asking for an administration fee on top of our student dues. That is now illegal since we've accredited."

Green cited current political thoughts on education as a major stimulant for

Concordia's action. "Cuts to education and dwindling budgets can really harm students," he noted, "and the accreditation act also protects us from being charged for our space, from being charged for our membership dues." He said that the CSU's line of thought was: "there are rights that we could possibly get that most other student unions in Quebec have gotten, why wouldn't we do that?" Having those rights, in turn, allows student unions to focus on matters more in line with their mandates than with administration-initiated financial concerns.

Baraniak was more blunt. "On issue after issue, we were getting clobbered." He noted that "the university refused to meet with SSMU and MUS at the same time," since under current agreements it is their prerogative to decide how they will deal with student groups. "This would make student societies much more political, which is good. Healthy debate is needed."

Looming Possibility of Pot Legalization

BY ALEX SINGER
News Reporter

If the Canadian parliament does not act quickly enough, the laws that make marijuana illegal may no longer be enforceable.

Last July, the Ontario's highest court found that section 56 of the Controlled Drugs and Substances Act, outlawing the possession of marijuana, was unconstitutional. The judge explained that because AIDS patient Terry Parker was forced to break the law in order to obtain medication that improved his standard of living, his rights were being infringed upon. The court also placed a deadline of 12 months on the government to rewrite the legislation, otherwise the law will be annulled.

The ruling was good news for Marc-Boris St. Maurice, the leader of the Marijuana Party of Canada. "Canada is entering uncharted territory with regards to its drug policy," he said. "The only problem

is that no one MP is willing to go too far in rocking the boat for fear of falling off."

The Canadian government has been slow to pass any new marijuana legislation, and currently, the Senate is conducting hearings on the ramifications of changing marijuana laws. Still, it is widely suspected that Ottawa will just write a revision to the old law, making a specific exemption for medicinal use.

"We have a situation where public opinion is greatly in favour of legalization, especially with respect to medicinal use," said St. Maurice. "There is an incredible hypocrisy in allowing marijuana to be used medically, but not providing a legal supply."

He thinks the battle over legalization will ultimately be fought in the courts, not openly debated in parliament. Last month, the Canadian Supreme Court agreed to hear three challenges to the Controlled Drugs Act, one of which pertains to recreational use.

Alan Mendelson, president of McGill's Law Students' Association, is excited about

the Ontario ruling and hopes that it will pave the way to a full legalisation of marijuana. "[The government] could be making money [by taxing marijuana sales] instead of squandering it fighting a drug war that has not worked for almost 40 years," he said. "We shouldn't be prosecuting vice crimes."

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Palestinian, Israeli Groups Exchange Salvos

Guest speaker invited by Palestinian student group at centre of controversy

A lecture organized by a Palestinian student group at McGill has angered many Jewish students on campus, and is threatening to become the centre of a growing controversy. The lecture, sponsored by Solidarity for Palestinian Human Rights, will be given by Norman Finkelstein, a professor at the City University of New York, and an author best known for his contentious book *"The Holocaust Industry."*

According to SPHR representatives, the lecture will be about the Holocaust's historical relation to the Palestinian situation. They emphasize that the talk is not meant to diminish the Holocaust.

"It's true that it's a horrible thing, and no one from [SPHR] has denied that," says Carl Sharif El-Tobgui, an SPHR member. "The point that [Finkelstein] makes very clearly is that it still constitutes no justification whatsoever for anything that is going on in Palestine as far as taking over the land by force and evicting the original

inhabitants. I think what he's trying to show in his work is that this constant reminding of the Holocaust, which has increased dramatically since 1967 until now, is simply a ploy to divert attention and to numb any criticism of what the state of Israel is doing."

Hillel, a Jewish student group at McGill, has a dramatically different interpretation of Finkelstein's work.

"Norman Finkelstein is a person who has branded a new form of anti-Semitism. What it does is that it delegitimizes the Holocaust and its impact on survivors, and he delegitimizes the state of Israel and its right to exist," says Eddie Shostak, Hillel President. "By inviting someone like Norman Finkelstein, who is a Holocaust revisionist, [SPHR] have further proved that they do not stand for peace and moving forward, and creating peace on campus."

Rex Brynen, a professor of political science specializing in the Arab-Israeli peace process, says that "Finkelstein is someone

who has many things to say about the situation in Palestine, always provocative and hard-hitting, and sometimes insightful. He also wrote a tactless, shrill, rhetorical book about the so-called "Holocaust Industry" that frankly does more harm than good to a rational discussion of the issues that he attempts to raise."

SPHR says that people shouldn't equate Finkelstein's criticism of Israel with anti-Semitism. "With every speaker that we bring there's always an issue that he's criticizing the state of Israel so he's criticizing all Jews, but that's a different thing completely," says Eyad Baddar, VP Finance of SPHR.

"Being anti-Zionist and anti-Israel is one hundred percent being anti-Jewish," counters Shostak. "[By SPHR] saying that, it's about them defining who we are, and what we are."

Both groups are unhappy about the advertising being done by their counterpart. SPHR describes as defamatory a recent Hillel ad that decries Finkelstein's

presence on campus. "It's just propaganda," says Baddar.

Hillel, on the other hand criticizes the SPHR poster advertising Finkelstein's lecture.

"It's someone holding an Israeli flag and standing over skeletons. Is this a message of peace, or is this a message of incitement?" asks Shostak.

Professor Brynen questions the actions of both organizations. "Only the converted are likely to find Finkelstein convincing, and those with wavering views on the Middle East, presumably those that SPHR are trying to influence, are more likely to be turned off than turned on," he says. On the other hand, he adds that, "Finkelstein isn't a revisionist, or an anti-Semite, or a neo-Nazi.... If people disagree with Finkelstein's views they should engage them in a spirit of dialogue, not blind confrontation."

SPHR is hoping that even Jewish students will find that they agree with

Finkelstein on certain points. Baddar points out that the lecture was specifically scheduled for a Thursday so that all students could attend, rather than on Friday night, which would prevent many Jewish students from attending. Shostak counters that attending would legitimize Finkelstein's presence, who he maintains is too much of an extremist for the university environment.

"The whole debate underscores the rather pathetic quality of current discourse on the Palestinian-Israeli conflict on campus," says Brynen. "I'm always struck by a contrast between the hard work of so many people in the [Middle East] to find a mutually acceptable solution, and the radical posturing of folks comfortably back here in Montreal. But if people at McGill want to make a difference, they would do better to work to identify the common ground upon which a solution can be found, rather than trying to outdo each other with meaningless and confrontational outrage."

Shakeup Looming in Quebec Student Movement

SSMU, PGSS both considering changing allegiances in already-fractured student movement

BY ALEXANDRA CLEMENCE
The McGill Daily

With a new premier at Quebec's helm and universities' fiscal futures as bleak as ever, many students say there couldn't be a worse time for division in the student movement.

Nonetheless, as the school year winds down, McGill's two largest student societies both say that their place in the student movement is up in the air.

McGill's Post-Graduate Students' Society announced last week their plans to review their membership in the Canadian Federation of Students, the country's largest student lobby group.

That comes in the midst of month-long hints that SSMU is about to re-align itself with La Fédération des Étudiants Universitaires du Québec, a provincial lobby group which SSMU abandoned several years ago out of concern with La FÉUQ's perceived sovereigntist leanings.

In an interview with The Daily last week, SSMU President-elect Jeremy Farrell said that the perception that FÉUQ was in bed with the Parti-Québécois government, was no longer founded and that FÉUQ voted to abolish its sovereigntist mandate just last week. That, he explained, should open the door for SSMU to hop on board with the lobby group.

"We have been working very closely with FÉUQ for the past three years, and obviously, the concept of membership has come up," said Farrell. "We are performing a thorough investigation of [the Federation] to see what kind of results they can get us."

Though SSMU and FÉUQ parted company years ago, the two organizations found themselves together again this year, under the umbrella of CREME, an ad hoc committee of Montreal schools struck last

fall. CREME brought SSMU and FÉUQ together in protest earlier this winter, when it was learned that Education Minister François Legault was considering reneging on a major funding commitment.

But Farrell was quick to note that aligning with La FÉUQ does not mean SSMU has any plans to abandon the Canadian Alliance of Student Associations, the federal lobby group that SSMU has played a big part in for several years. "We are more than welcome to be a part of both organizations," Farrell said. "If anything, it makes us stronger with CASA because now when it is lobbying for things we can bring those ideas back to the provincial level."

Meanwhile, the relationship between PGSS and CFS seemed to be on far shakier ground last week.

In a letter last week to CFS head office in Ottawa, PGSS Chair Aaron Windsor criticized CFS for what he called the organization's antagonism toward its Quebec members, a lack of accountability to regional offices like Quebec's, and "a growing trend towards nationalistic/protectionist policies."

PGSS External rep Eve Pickles told The Daily last week that the bad blood between CFS and its provincial counterpart has everything to do with the parent organization's failure to understand the particular needs of Quebec students.

"It has become an 'us vs. them' problem," said Pickles. "We have a situation of the rest of Canada perceiving three Anglophone universities in Quebec as separatist organizations. It is really a microcosm of what happens at the Canadian fed-

eral political level of an impasse between Quebec and the rest of Canada."

She added that McGill's French-speaking graduate population is also being overlooked in many of the federal lobby group's initiatives.

The national group's efforts to encourage more Francophone students to participate has been undermined at every turn, she said. "CFS does not have a translator in the national office at the moment."

CFS National Chair Michael Conlon responded, saying that while the PGSS does have "some legitimate concerns," he still does not believe that its criticisms of the CFS national office are deserved.

"The notion that there is this longstanding historical grievance between members in Quebec and the rest of the

organization is really not founded," Conlon said.

"At the end of the day, are there areas where I wish we could do more? Absolutely. But do I feel that we've neglected groups of students or ignored their concerns? I do not think so."

As for what lies ahead, Pickles says that she hopes that PGSS does remain with CFS, but she also admits that there is a very real possibility that PGSS will consider re-aligning itself.

"I would like to see the CFS work harder towards making students in Quebec feel more a part of the organization," she said. "If that does not happen, there are a few avenues open to the PGSS in the changing environment of the Quebec student movement."

SORRY!!

The staffs of The McGill Daily and Le Délit Français would like apologize to and thank the fine people at the Refugee Research Project and the now deaffer people at the Environmental Safety Office for putting up with our loud music, the organized insanity that is a Daily meeting and production night, the near grease fires (and the ensuing disgusting smell), the loss of meeting space, the sleeping Daily staffers in the lounge, and all the other daily annoyances that arise when running a student paper. For all these reasons, and so many others, we say:

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Selling Women on Smoking

Tobacco industry preying on beauty myth, insecurity to sell its products, critics say

BY BÉRÉNICE GOORAH
News Writer

A common scene: two students huddling outside the Redpath library entrance, standing with their backs against the whipping sleet and snow. What could compel anyone to purposely endure such a nasty March blizzard? Any smoker would know. Emma and Geraldine, two McGill students toughing out the storm for a smoke, shared their thoughts on smoking: "It's part of a good time. You go to a café, have an espresso and have a cigarette. It's part of a package." Were they trying to quit? Geraldine confesses, "I'm not in a rush—I know I should slow down in a few years because of my health or if I have children, but I'm hoping that by then there will be a magic medicine to help me quit." If only that were true. Nicotine is more addictive than cocaine or heroin. One quarter of women who die in Canada die from a smoking related illness.

If Geraldine and Emma had been born before the 1960s, they would probably not have picked up smoking. Until the last few decades smoking was a "man's habit" and it was socially unacceptable for a woman to light up. The tobacco industry soon realized that this social prejudice was costing them 50 per cent of potential customers and, in an attempt to expand their markets, tobacco companies began targeting their advertising towards women.

Despite being a completely preventable

smokers have worked, and they continue to work extremely well.

"The tobacco industry has taken women's values and used them to sell tobacco," says Heidi Rathjen, co-ordinator of the Quebec Coalition for Tobacco Control and recipient of the World Health Organization's Tobacco Free Award.

She adds that since 1968, with the introduction of Virginia Slims, there has been an explosion of female-only brands.

"Our society places such a strong emphasis on being slim and this makes smoking very attractive to young girls."

Just as the industry exploited the emancipation movement of the 20s, the advertisement of Virginia Slims was explicitly tied to the women's liberation movement of the 60s. This is especially evident with their slogan: "You've come a long way baby!" Smoking was portrayed as glamorous, sexy and even empowering. "Tobacco companies are selling an image, not a product," says Rathjen. "It has everything to do with an image and the symbols attached to it."

Professor Shree Mulay, director of the McGill Center for Research and Teaching on Women, agrees that tobacco companies tie specific images and lifestyles to their brands. "The fastest growing group of smokers is teenagers, and companies have focused their marketing to teenagers," she says. Young girls are more vulnerable to this type of advertising because of societal

emphasis on being slim and this makes smoking very attractive to young girls," she adds. The message tying smoking with slimness is reinforced with the slogan for the Lucky Strikes brand: "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

According to Rathjen, women smokers are more health conscious than men and try to quit more than men. In anticipation of this, the industry introduced an "alternative" to quitting: "light" or low tar cigarettes. These were advertised not as healthier, (because that would be admitting that the other brands posed health risks), but as "smooth," "mild," "cool" and even "refreshing." These brands were targeted especially to women - and women responded.

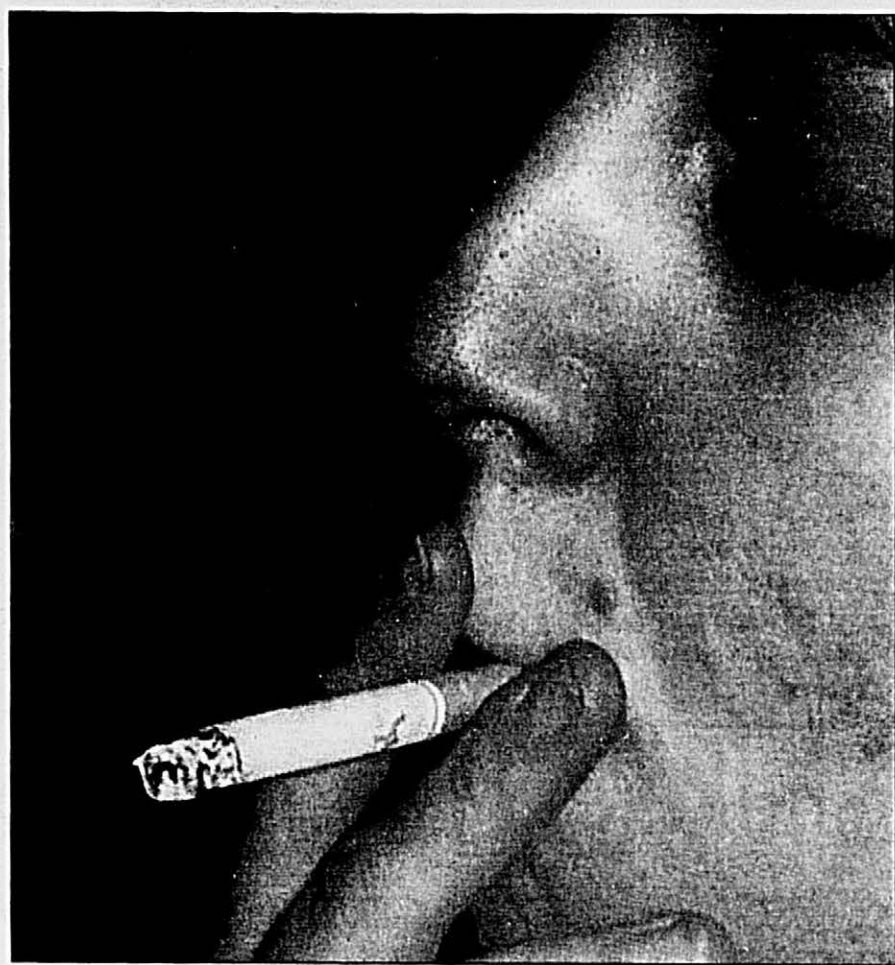
But these "light" and "ultra light" brands are even more dangerous than the regular brands due to the smoker compensation effect. This happens when smokers draw in smoke more deeply into the lungs to sustain nicotine uptake from cigarettes that would otherwise deliver less nicotine. According to a 1999 report for the Action on Smoking and Health, an increase in rare types of lung cancers, such as adenocarcinomas, has been linked to the smoking of light brands. Consequently, this increase is especially prevalent in women.

In the 80s tobacco giant R.J. Reynolds initiated a series of market-research projects in order to gauge women's smoking preferences. One of the reports that came out of this research concluded that women are motivated to smoke because smoking provides a "fantasy" and is inherently "self-indulgent."

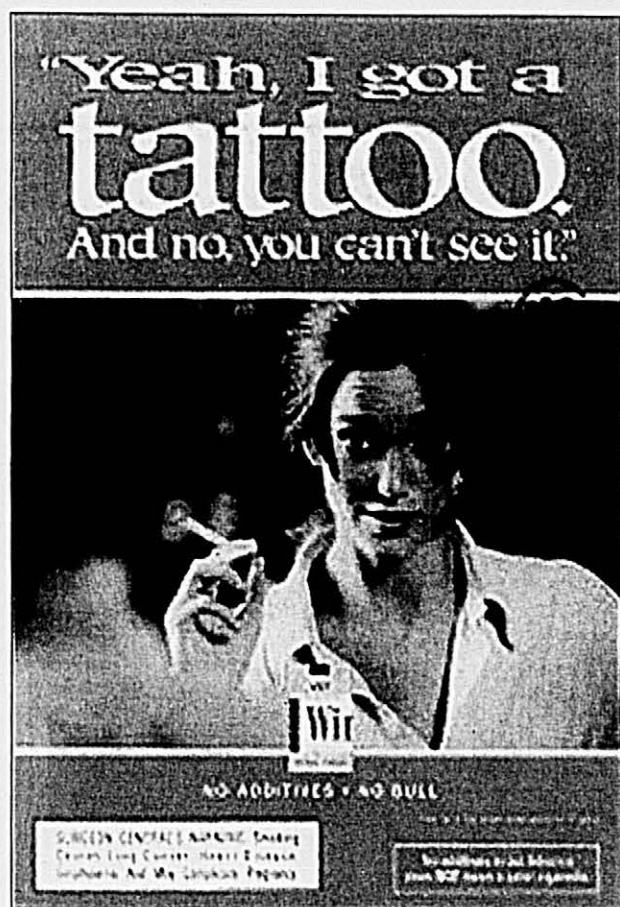
"Not only will [smoking] provide an escape, but it will also serve as a reward," the study says. "Women will be buying all kinds of things that give them a lift."

Michel Descoteaux, director of public affairs for Imperial Tobacco Canada, argues that tobacco advertising does not increase the number of smokers but is only meant to promote brand loyalty. "Whether it impacts the choice of brands or consumption is debatable," he says. In proof of good faith, he notes that the tobacco industry has voluntarily ended all television and radio advertising.

In addition, Imperial Tobacco has a tradition of funding charitable organizations, such as Le centre de la santé des femmes de Montréal, Big Sisters of Montreal and various hospitals. "It is part of our social responsibility to give back to the community some of the benefits we derive," says Descoteaux. Imperial Tobacco donates \$6 million to charity annually, 0.6



Eric O'Rourke



malignancy, the rate of lung cancer has increased by 400 per cent in Canadian women over the last three decades and claims more victims than breast cancer. For the first time in history, the rate of heart disease in pre-menopausal women has reached that of men. Young girls are smoking more than their male peers. Obviously, the tactics aimed at recruiting women

pressures to fit a certain image. "Girls are more insecure in a social context than boys are," Mulay explains, which makes them an easy target for tobacco companies.

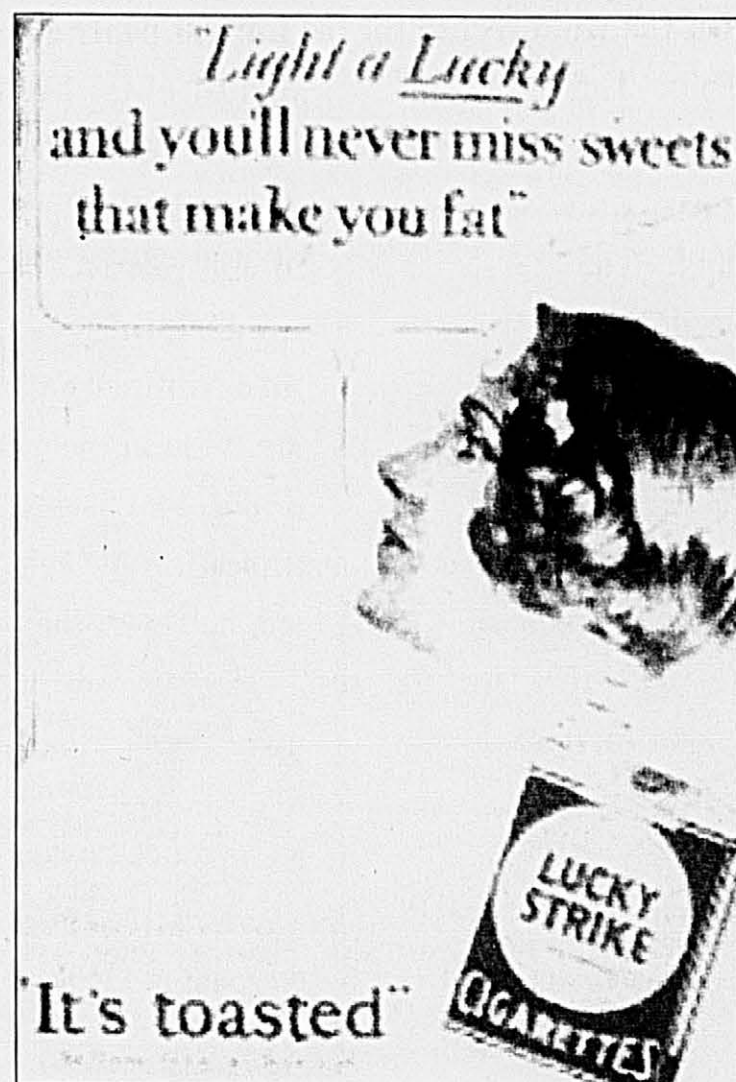
By introducing brand names with adjectives like "slim" or "light," the industry is deliberately abusing a stereotype that many women still struggle with, Mulay thinks. "Our society places such a strong

per cent of their total annual earnings of \$1 billion. But according to the Quebec Coalition for Tobacco Control, tobacco companies spend 80 per cent more on advertising about their good deeds than they actually donate.

According to a 1998 report by the Action on Smoking and Health, in Canada 10 per cent of female university students smoke, 40 per cent of unemployed women smoke and 73 per cent of Inuit women are smokers. "The percentage of ads is highest in poor neighborhoods because smoking is associ-

ated with social standing," says McGill Chemistry professor Ariel Fenster. "Poor people smoke more than rich people."

Fenster goes on to stress that lung cancer has risen from the eighth most common cancer among women in 1961 to the number one in 1987. In the past, heart disease in pre-menopausal women was very rare. Now, because of the recent rise in women smokers, that rate is now equal between the sexes. "It is very sad, but it is one of the areas where women have achieved equality," says Mulay.



The Summit of the Americas

A brief guide to getting there, staying there, and preparing yourself for the protests

BY LOUIGI ADDARIO-BERRY
The McGill Daily

Getting To Quebec City

STUDENT BUSES: GET CRACKING!

Likely the easiest and cheapest rides to Quebec will be on the buses organized by FTAA-Alert McGill in conjunction with FTAA-Alert Concordia, the Concordia Student Union, QPIRG and some other local organizations. The cost for a round-trip ticket is \$15, likely the best deal you'll find short of a free ride with a friend. The time is almost up for this option: to reserve a spot on a bus you must have paid up by April 5. Register and pay at QPIRG-McGill, 3647 University (just below Ave. des Pins), or email quebecbuses@hotmail.com to confirm.

CARPPOOLING

Another inexpensive way to get to Quebec is carpooling. Allo Stop is a Quebec-based company that coordinates rides for fairly decent prices, and is generally pretty good about matching rides with the rideless. Go to their website at www.allo-stop.com or stop by their office at 4317 St. Denis near metro Mont-Royal.

Local activists are also organizing carpools: to offer a ride, or to find out if someone else is going when you want to go, email carpoolquebec@hotmail.com with details about time and place.

RIDING THE RADICAL RAILS

The Sierra Youth Coalition has organized a "trade train" across the country to Quebec.

It starts in Vancouver and will pass through Montreal on April 17. This option is no cheaper than buying a round-trip train ticket, but it's a chance to travel en masse with students from all across the country. To find out more about it contact sierrayc@web.ca and put "trade train" in the subject box.

PAYING FULL FARE

Finally, there's always the buses and trains that run every day, every hour. These are a little more expensive than the other options - around 60 bucks for the bus, and 75 for the train if you have an ISIC card - but they are the most flexible and will likely be available whenever you decide to go. For bus schedules and fares, call the Voyageur Bus Terminal at 842-2281. For train schedules and fares, call Via Rail at 989-2626 or visit www.viarail.ca.

Staying there (or not)

Finding a place to lay your head in Quebec during the Summit may be tough. Organizers and police have gone out of their way to make it difficult to find places to stay. They have booked all the hotel rooms and vacant apartments in the city, except for the ones being used by Summit attendees and out-of-city cops. Besides crashing with friends and family, people will deal with the problem of accommodations in a few different ways.

COLLECTIVE CRASHING-OUT

One group is working to find places for protestors to sleep. Operation Quebec Printemps, a

coalition that brings together over 30 regional organizations including unions, NGOs, campus groups, community organizations, and political parties is running an "adopt an activist" campaign. They are asking local residents to open their homes to visiting activists the week of April 16. Be prepared to sleep on the floor, though - mat and sleeping bag are probably a good idea - as it looks like space will be tight. The application forms for both individual and group lodging are on the OQP website at <http://www.oqp2001.org/en/lodging.html>.

The OQP is also organizing daycare services during both the People's Summit and the FTAA meetings.

DORM ROOMS

Laval University will offer a limited number of rooms in student residences at relatively low rates during the protests. For more information contact them at hebergement@sres.ulaval.ca, or call at (418) 656-5632.

COMING BACK HOME

Another possibility is, of course, to go up and come back home on the same day. Luckily for Montrealers, it's feasible to make the 2-hour trip twice in one day. Though this might seem like a pain in the ass, the alternative may be camping out - which is legally dubious if you don't arrange with somebody in advance to use their lawn.

GETTING BEAT UP AND/OR THROWN IN JAIL

Then again, if you play your cards right you might be able to work something out in government-sponsored accommodations. A wing in a local hospital and an entire jail five kilometres out of the city have been cleared out for protestors.

Preparing yourself

Anyone who gets involved in the protests should know something about their legal rights and obligations, as well as just being prepared for what's actually likely to go on.

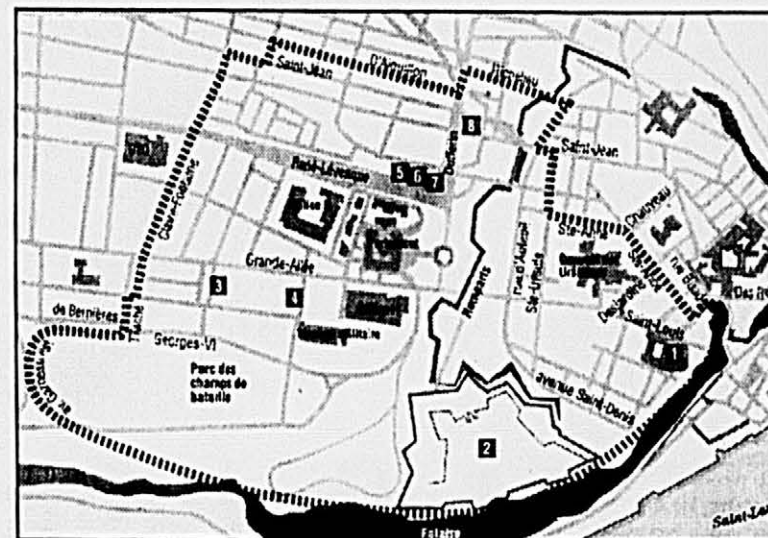
WORKSHOPS

If you've missed the various civil disobedience, legal, and tactical workshops for protestors have been held at McGill, Concordia, and around Montreal over the last several months, you still have a couple of options for protest training and preparation.

Montreal-based activist group SalAMI has organized a workshop on civil disobedience and direct action called "Tools for Change" that will be held on April 5 (today) at 7:00 p.m. It takes place at 2149 Mackay between Sherbrooke and De Maisonneuve, next to Concordia's Hall Building, metro Guy-Concordia.

LEGAL INFO

Information about civil rights and civil disobedience tactics can be found online at various locations. The group Citizens Opposed to Police Brutality has a brochure called "Guess What? We've Got Rights!" which is available at <http://www.tao.ca/~cobp/guess-what.html>. (You can also pick it up at the Alternative Bookshop, 2035 St-Laurent, 2nd Floor - a short distance below Sherbrooke.) A group called the Legal Defense Collective also has a good deal of information and some good links on their web site at www.tao.ca/~legal/.



The core of downtown Quebec City will be closed to all but residents and Summit delegates. It is surrounded by a fence as shown here. 6,000 police from across Canada will patrol the barrier.

Drowning the FTAA by Numbers

A year in activism at McGill

The best mobilization on campus in years. That's how the months-long campus campaign to gather support for anti-FTAA protests is being described. Perhaps that's not surprising, given all the attention that anti-globalization activism has earned in the last two years. But here at McGill, widely reputed to be one of the most conservative universities in the country, the almost-palpable excitement for the upcoming protests, has been little short of a watershed, with campus activists saying there's no way that McGill students' voiced can be ignored in Quebec City.

Here's the skinny on how the anti-globalization movement made its mark on McGill this year, and how McGill students will make their mark in Quebec City.

200-300

That's the number of McGill students signed-up to join FTAA-Alert's trip to Quebec City.

4-6

That's how many buses it will take to get them there.

10

Approximate number of globalization-related speaking events and conferences at McGill in the last eight months.

3

That's how many high-profile Canadian

anti-globalization crusaders have made speaking stops at McGill in just the last month. Namely, Svend Robinson, Maude Barlow, and Jagi Singh.

20

The G-20, that is. That's the moniker for the free-trade group that met in Montreal in the fall, drawing thousands of student protesters, many of them from McGill, and a small handful of whom wound up behind bars.

8

How many campus groups have been involved in FTAA-Alert, the umbrella group that has been preparing McGill

students for Quebec City protests since August. Among the groups have been QPIRG, the Canadian Federation of Students, NDP McGill, International Socialists. The FTAA-Alert delegation will also include representatives from the Women's Union, Postgraduate Students' Society, Spanish and Latin American Students' Association, and SSMU.

29

Mar. 29, the date of a meeting of Western Hemisphere environment ministers in downtown Montreal. On hand to greet the ministers were hundreds of McGill students.

32-31

The narrow margin by which McGill's senate rejected a student-initiated motion to allow academic accommodation for students missing final exams to go to the Quebec City protests. The event saw several professors stand up to tell their own tales of participation in James Building occupations and anti-Vietnam protests.

3

That's how many universities allowed academic accommodation for would-be protesters. Namely, Queen's, University of New Brunswick, and Concordia.

-by Jon Bricker



A Catalogue of Anxieties

or, Why so many people dislike the FTAA

Quebec City will be overwhelmed in two weeks by demonstrators voicing their concerns with globalization. ZACH DUBINSKY looks at why an estimated 20,000 people are set to rally for four days in the provincial capital

Nobody need ask why the Western Hemisphere's heads of state - all but Fidel Castro - will descend on Quebec City in two weeks with an 8,000-strong crowd of underlings and journalists in tow. That one's easy.

But why all the demonstrators?

The National Post has painted an anticipated 20,000 protesters as "agitators...massing their forces" for a "Quebec brawl." But they're almost certainly wrong. The demonstrators will form as diverse a group as any that has

gathered in Quebec: the young and the old, rich and poor, Argentine and Canadian, veteran activist and curious neophyte, right-wing and left-wing - and, yes, peaceful and provocative. Indeed, only one thing will really unite them: their opposition to the current tone of "globalization."

They're converging on Quebec because it's the site of the Summit of the Americas, another in a series of high-profile meetings where political elites congratulate each other on their track

record of trade liberalization, and then set about greasing the wheels even more for global trade and investment with, many critics complain, little concern for making it easier (or possible) for workers to unionize, for women to access medical care, or for children to be clothed and fed and to drink clean water.

Of course, the assorted prime ministers, presidents, ambassadors, ministers and other delegates of the Summit see it differently. By their lights, the kind of unfettered trade and investment they promote brings development and rising standards of living. At the Summit, these representatives of 34 nations of the Caribbean and North, Central, and South America will work on a hemispheric free-trade pact called the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA), slated to put the world's largest free-trade zone in place by 2005. But the deal has

many detractors who see things very differently, and who feel their governments aren't listening. Hence the crowds expected in Quebec - and the 10-foot-high, 4.5-kilometre-long security fence which has been erected to keep them at bay.

It's impossible to paint the worries of all the "anti-globalization" protesters in one broad stroke. Their catalogue of the evils of "globalization" is diverse and, in places, contradictory. Even the term itself is a subject of debate. Those in this amorphous international movement generally do not condemn the contemporary trend toward global interconnectedness itself. After all, their increasingly broad-based movement might not have been possible without it.

Instead, they are worried about the movement among governments that goes by that euphemistic name, whose

aims are to relax rules for international trade and investment. This is a movement whose benefits pass generally to the powerful and well-off, they say, and which weakens democracy at all levels. More specifically, some complain of globalization's toll on women and the poor, saying it induces governments to cut welfare to the most needy. Others bemoan the selling-off of natural resources that they say will result. And many lament the loss of governments' power to protect their peoples and the inexorable rush to the bottom on regulations on the environment, health, education, welfare, and other public issues.

In short, the Quebec demonstrators are motivated by a grab-bag of issues and concerns, breeding an array of protest slogans and tactics. With that in mind, here's a handful of reasons why many will be in Quebec City:

SOVEREIGNTY

One of the biggest worries about agreements like the FTAA is their ability to limit the power of governments of all sizes and levels to pass laws, whether they be to protect the environment, fund public services, or safeguard the health of their citizens. Opponents of trade liberalization list a litany of cases where governments have had their laws struck down by international tribunals meeting in secret. In almost all the cases, these critics affirm, the defeated laws were intended to protect citizens, while their discard only benefited corporations.

Canada has had its patent laws and split-run-magazine rules, as well as the Auto Pact, gutted by the World Trade Organization. Even more notorious for activists, though, is Chapter 11 of the North American Free Trade Agreement, dubbed "NAFTA's little secret" by The New York Times. Under Chapter 11, foreign companies from Canada, Mexico, or the US who believe they have suffered financial losses in one of the other two NAFTA countries can sue that country's government for violating NAFTA's terms. So far, 16 lawsuits have been launched, with several controversial results:

- In response to a \$251-million suit filed by US-based Ethyl Corp., a manufacturer of a gasoline additive called MMT, the Canadian government overturned a 1997 ban on the chemical and agreed to pay Ethyl \$19-million because the evidence of MMT's toxicity was inconclusive.

- Mexico was ordered last September by a NAFTA tribunal to pay \$25.5-million in damages to U.S.-based Metalclad Corp., a waste company barred from constructing a toxic-waste-processing plant in San Luis Potosi state. Metalclad alleged local government officials were acting out of order. Mexico has appealed the decision.

- The Loewen Group, a Canadian funeral home chain, is using Chapter 11 to sue the US government for \$750-million (U.S.) in damages after a Mississippi jury found Loewen guilty in 1995 of malicious and fraudulent practices that tried to put a local funeral home out of business. Loewen contends it was punished because it is a foreign company.

"Investors have already used NAFTA's Chapter 11 several times in order to force North American governments to strike down laws or withdraw regulations originally designed to protect the environment or human health," says the Council of Canadians, a national citizens group that figures prominently in the debate over globalization. "'Liberalization' and 'free' trade has meant liberal treatment and freedom only for investors and transnational corporations. For the rest of us, it has meant more social, economic, and political exclusion."

Lucky for the council and Chapter 11's other critics, the NAFTA governments are starting to grow tired of facing down costly challenges to their laws from private companies. "No NAFTA [member-country] could carry out its most fundamental government functions unless it was prepared to pay for each and every economic impact," the U.S. government said in its defence filing for a recent Chapter 11 suit. The three governments say they are considering "clarifying" the Chapter 11 rules to make them less expansive, and perhaps even scrapping them altogether. Pierre Pettigrew, Canada's International Trade Minister, has promised that Canada would never sign a hemispheric free-trade deal with Chapter 11 provisions, but his detractors remain incredulous. US President George W. Bush, they worry, is keen on including a Chapter 11 clause in the proposed Free Trade Area of the Americas, meaning the raft of corporate lawsuits against governments could proliferate throughout the hemisphere.

CAPITALISM

The most radical critiques of the current breed of globalization target capitalism itself. Instead of calling for reforms or slight adjustments to safeguard public health and the environment, as many opponents do, groups such as the Anti-Capitalist Convergence (CLAC in French) hope for a dismantling of the entire market system. For them, the Free Trade Area of the Americas is just a symptom of a corrupt social organization. "The FTAA process is yet another example of the kind of economic violence that aims to suppress the gains of popular struggles of the past, and reinforce the power of cash and cops over our lives," CLAC affirms. Like many of its less militant compatriots, the group is not anti-globalization per se - a distinction often overlooked by the mainstream media's "anti-globalization activists" refrain. CLAC says it supports "the globalization of genuine solidarity between peoples, with the goal of collectively resisting the same root causes of exploitation."

PROTECTING PUBLIC SERVICES

A \$230-million NAFTA lawsuit targeting Canada Post is perhaps the most immediate case cited by free-trade opponents as a harbinger of how the current flavour of globalization threatens public services. United Parcel Services (UPS), the US courier giant, is suing Canada under the free-trade agreement's Chapter 11, alleging that our country's Crown-owned postal company uses its public funding to subsidize its courier business, thereby unfairly cutting into UPS's profits. "The UPS challenge is significant because it contends that the very existence of our postal system constitutes unfair competition," says Maude Barlow of the Council of Canadians. "By this logic, every public service from health care to education to the CBC could be threatened by lawsuits."

Barlow's warning has been heeded by advocates of public education, clean water, and health care in a variety of public-policy battles. Detractors railed against Alberta's passage of Bill 11, which permits private clinics to perform minor surgery at public expense, because they thought it would open the door to UPS-style Chapter 11 claims targeting the province's still-public hospitals and doctors. Only time will tell if they're right. In Newfoundland, Premier Roger Grimes's recently announced plans to consider licensing bulk water exports riled environmental activists, who maintain the province would expose itself to NAFTA lawsuits. Many Quebec City protesters will be voicing similar concerns about the proposed extension of NAFTA to the entire hemisphere in the form of the FTAA. "The FTAA threatens to commodify our lives by turning over the control of our schools, electricity, water, and food to corporations whose only interest is more profit," reads the manifesto of the Freedom Rising Affinity Group of Oakland, CA. Their grievance is a common one.

INDIGENOUS PEOPLES

Though the connection is rarely made explicit, the 1994 uprising of media-savvy "Zapatista" aborigines in southern Mexico, led by revolutionary poster-boy Subcomandante Marcos, resulted directly from globalization: a provision in NAFTA, which came into force on the day the revolution broke out deprived Mexico's indigenous Maya populations of rights to land and resources. The Zapatistas have been fighting and negotiating for rights to land and self-government ever since.

Opponents of existing free-trade rules also maintain that indigenous populations have been "robbed" of their knowledge of traditional medicines by provisions that let companies patent them and then profit from a legal monopoly.

INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

Critics charge that the FTAA, following NAFTA, will force countries in the Americas to adopt homogeneous laws on patents and copyright - namely, the laws of the United States. The problem? According to Public Citizen, a US-based advocacy group, the US's patent laws are the strictest in the hemisphere and would destroy many Latin American countries' systems of "compulsory licensing mechanisms," which allow companies to manufacture their competitors' patented products in exchange for a licensing fee. The US regime, Public Citizen argues, "allows pharmaceutical corporations to keep drug prices high and block production of generic versions of life-saving drugs, which spells disaster for the ill and impoverished, especially in developing nations." They point to South Africa as an example: when the South African government tried to make cheaper generic versions of desperately needed HIV/AIDS drugs available to its citizens by suspending their patents, the drug manufacturers threatened a lawsuit under world trade rules.

EDUCATION

The Ontario government's introduction this year of private, for-profit universities sparked a wave of apprehension that public post-secondary education in the province was doomed. If private universities can compete with public ones, the argument goes, they'll want to do so on a level playing field - that is, with subsidies to the public universities eliminated. To accomplish this, the private universities will do as UPS is and launch a lawsuit under NAFTA, it is feared. The Canadian Federation of Students, among others, fervently opposes the privatization of university education, which it thinks the FTAA will merely accelerate. These anxieties aren't unfounded: The Globe and Mail reported in January that "a secret report from one of the nine groups negotiating the proposed Free Trade Area of the Americas outlines a regime that would see all service sectors - including once-hallowed areas such as health, public education, and child care - open to competition."

FOR THE RICH ONLY?

The gist of free-trade and investment agreements such as the FTAA, their opponents contend, is to facilitate cross-border movements of goods and capital, to the benefit of those with capital (the rich) and those who profit off of goods (ditto). By contrast, when governments try to alleviate poverty and deplorable working conditions by raising the minimum wage or passing work-safety legislation, companies can up and move to another country in the free-trade bloc with lower wages and less stringent rule. The net result, the theory says, is an unstoppable downward spiral of wages, work conditions, and quality of life as developing countries rush to loosen their regulations in order to compete for international investment that seeks out the cheapest source of labour and materials.

Various alternatives have been proposed: one suggestion would have the FTAA include mandatory minimum labour standards for all its signatories; a more radical idea is to copy the EU, where workers are free to migrate to and work in any member country. Pierre Pettigrew, Canada's International Trade Minister, opposes these notions. "Can we deprive countries of South America of one of their assets, which is cheap labour?" he asks. "We can't step in and tell these people to adopt our current standards because our workers get more because they are more productive." The negotiating table for the FTAA is not the place to set rules on labour, human rights and the environment, he has said.

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We laughed, we cried, we put out a damn fine paper

comment



BY BEN ERRETT

This is the annual end-of-the-year coordinating editor's comment. I was deliberating between a flippant, insouciant tract and a sappy, heartbreaking work of staggering genius that would bring a tear to even the most hardened reader's eye. In addition to both of these possibilities, I wanted to repeatedly emphasize the fact that Jon Bricker and I broke the story about Royal Bank CEO John Cleghorn being denied an honorary doctorate. To save myself from actually having to make a decision, I have done both the flippant and sincere comments, interrupted by some gloating about the Cleghorn affair. First, the impertinent comment.

When I came to The Daily three years ago, I was snivelling, smelly waste of skin. Now, I don't smell at all. This is the piece where I wax poetic about all that I purport

to have learned in my time at The Daily. And so I shall. I invented several grammatical constructions in my time here, all of which have been widely imitated but never duplicated. Chief among these is "Hey Kids!" You may recognize this phrase from the National Notebook in The Globe last weekend. Well, that's mine. Also, the construction, "Also." This was first used to mock then-VP Community and Government Affairs Wojtek Baraniak, who had a propensity to mention the surefire vote-getting phrase "differential tuition" with every sugar-coated soundbite. Also, differential tuition. Another lasting invention of mine has been the innovative use of dots instead of dashes in phone numbers. You see this everywhere nowadays, but just two short years ago it was only a germ of an idea in my head. I also learned how to move offices frequently. We ended up having to pay more in rent than any other student paper in Canada, but since I often go to Sadie's and claim to be buying 10 Cherry Blasters for 58 cents when I actually take 50 to 60 candies, I figure it will all even out.

Now the gloating: John Cleghorn was once the king of the Canadian banking industry. The world was his oyster, and he shucked it with reckless abandon. Then The Daily found out that Senate had

denied him an honorary doctorate. People got mad. I was called a parasite and a bastard. For the record, I know who my father is and I do not feed off other living beings. Also, University Relations Office Director Kate Williams said that Cleghorn would never recover from the damage that was done. Funny, he seemed pretty jolly playing the banjo in the Post a few weeks ago. Also, he's retired with a generous severance package that you can bet amounts to more than most of his employees will ever see in their lifetimes. Cry me a frigging river.

Now for the serious stuff. The best part of The Daily has been working with the most creative, talented and hard-working people I have ever met. The ideas and energy that flow out this office amazed me when I first came here, and they continue to do so. Much of what we've learned to do has been self-taught, and we've done some pretty wacky stuff in the learning process. Who can forget the time we accidentally called Alan Thicke's Growing Pains character David Seaver? An embarrassing moment for a run-of-the-mill student newspaper, let alone the most syndicated paper in the country. But somehow we stumbled through.

The quintessence of The Daily became especially apparent this semester, as we lost the office that had defined the paper for

over 30 years. Despite being in cramped quarters in the law building, this was still The Daily, with its mannequin's legs in flowered pants, bulletin board with the enigmatic chalk-scrawled declaration "I resign if you resign or else I resign," caffeine-addled editors, and that silly, persistent belief that (trite cliché alert) what we do matters and that we can make the world a better place, starting here at McGill.

We did some amazing stuff with this paper over the past three years. The kids who are taking over next year are poised to continue the exponential increase in quality. If you're reading this and even vaguely interested in this strange and wonderful organization, I encourage you to come down to the basement of Shatner next fall. It will be hectic, windowless and disorganized, but they'll welcome you aboard. (Here comes the sappy sentimentalism) And if you're lucky, you'll have an experience as rewarding as mine.

Also, as a special treat for those who slogged to the end of this piece, a revelation. I am Steve Barker and Franklin Sackville.

Ben Errett was The Daily's Features Editor in 1998-1999, Coordinating News Editor in 1999-2000 and Coordinating Editor in 2000-2001.

BEDTIME FOR BONZO by Sean Carrie

Former U.S. President Ronald Wilson Reagan was born in 1911. So was The McGill Daily. We feel that this fact alone justifies the following...



Rage, rage against the hell of exams



BY JOHN ORTVED

"Some writers take to drink, others take to audiences."

-Gore Vidal

I'm a poet.
I sit in my dark apartment
Writing my dark lyrics.
Sometimes to jazz.
Sometimes I use a guitar.
My words are meaningful.
I live in the McGill Ghetto.

I wish I could grow a goatee.
I wear vintage clothes that cost more than new clothes.
I write painful words about past loves.
I'm a photographer,
A writer,
A painter,
A poet.
I am a poet.

I wrote this, not to prove a point, or to make a statement, but to purge some shit from my poetic body. You have two bodies, two souls, whatever; one is physical, one is creative. They both need lots of love, food, and the occasional role in the proverbial hay. They also both get filled up with refuse that needs to be expunged. The above is the purgation of such mental refuse. I could have written more, way more, but who needs such exposition to the mental equivalent of anal leakage.

So why am I purging my creative garbage on you? Because all my good

stuff was sucked out of my brain preparing for finals. Anything halfway respectable in the ways of poetry or creative journalism was hammered out of me like Christ being hammered to the cross. All I had left were some self-deprecating remarks, manifested in ill-planned free verse.

If I had it my way, there would be no finals. Oh no, evaluations would involve a bizarre contest with guns (by the basketful), moving targets and many bowls of chili. If I had it my way, more than evaluations at McGill would change. No English class curriculum would be without the work of Woody Allen, and *Braveheart* would accompany every history syllabus. During the snowy season, cars would be prohibited from using University Ave. between Prince Arthur and Sherbrooke, because of the risk they would pose to the tobogganers (both recreational and varsity). The arguments over cold beverage agreements would halt immediately to give way to new arguments over

the ethical and moral dilemmas of exclusively licensing the newly formed Architecture Café and Hash Bar to a single drug dealer. The management building would be eviscerated and replaced with a Samuel Bronfman Fine Arts building. There will be many angry little business men, but they'll be compensated by the provision of buses to schools where the commerce program actually rates. Student government would be overhauled and any profits from Four-Floors, Sadies, and the like would be immediately redirected to the daily provision of free coffee and sushi to all students.

See, if I had it my way, there would be no Famous Players, only Famous Playa's. If I had it my way, the trains would run on time, and the homeless could sleep in them whenever they wanted to. You could keep farm animals in the city (especially bears) and dogs would be put down for not biting obnoxious children. I'd move the heaviest taxes from alcohol and place them on cigarettes; very few substances

would be illegal, all would be taxed and children would learn to read phonetically. There would be more parks, less churches and gardening would be subsidized. All public florescent lighting would be banned and banking fees would be eliminated. Police would pick up garbage.

Ah yes, if I had it my way. If I had it my way, I would have the pleasure of seeing my words made public, of having friends and strangers approach me to criticize or compliment what it is I've said, of being a part of something creative, of having enough effect to provoke response. If I had it my way, I would have the opportunity to criticize and rant and rave and recount, to hurl my poetry onto pages seen by others, to create and be created; and because of you people, I do.

John Ortved is The Art Dummy. He originally wrote about art when the column began in the fall of 1999. If the gods deem it acceptable, he shall return to this space in the fall.

Forget Size 5 Girls, It's Just a Number



"The awakened and knowing say: body I am entirely, and nothing else; and the soul is only a word for something about the body."

-Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

"(It is) no measure of health to be well-adjusted to a profoundly sick society." -author unknown

I wear a size 4. Just kidding, no I don't. Some jeans just say I do. It kills me to admit this, but I bought them at Abercrombie & Fitch. This chain, despite the fact that they sell crappy (not to mention sweatshop-produced, but that's another topic) clothes that fall apart, makes people like me, who normally take about a size 8, fit into jeans that say 4 on the label. So how do they do this? Do not question the powers of magic. Or rather, marketing brilliance. For as all women today who weren't raised in caves know, to appear smaller in any way, even if only on a single tag that no one else sees, is to be intrinsically better.

Jeans are always an issue. In *The Body Project*, Joan Jacobs Brumberg states: "because the body is a proxy for the self,

selecting clothes for it is a vital concern," continuing that "girls typically evaluate their success or failures in dressing rooms at the local mall or department store." But these concerns become problematic and somewhat silly when we remember that, as she writes, "because every female clothing company develops its own sizes and proportions, there is no standardized equivalent between body measurements and size." She goes on to argue that: "The laissez-faire nature of sizing for American women makes shopping for jeans a physical, as well as psychological, struggle that is difficult at any age."

I went on an adventure last weekend. Two friends and I spent hours in The Eaton Centre and at shops on St. Catherine. Though at one point we succeeded to steal a pair of jeans from another shopper's hands, we did not set foot in a dressing room, nor did we purchase any clothing. My friends and I took on this project in order to confirm something that, as women, we all sort of know, but can't quite internalize. Our equipment? Three state of the art tape measurers from the dollar store.

We determined the actual measurements for the waists and hips of nine different brands of women's jeans, sticking to tags that displayed a "regular fit," and asking the sales assistants for size equivalents when only European or waist measurements appeared. Upon returning home, I took out my data and made a chart. It's fair to say that I've never seen anything so nonsensical since my botched high school science labs which inspired me to become an arts student.

Of the jeans we surveyed, found in Roots, Urban Outfitters, Benetton, Le Chateau, Zara, and The Gap, along with name brands such as DKNY, Levi's, and Diesel, not one pair corresponded to its size

equivalent in another.

Moreover, while there was often a distinction so little as a half-an-inch between sizes within a certain brand, the discrepancy between the like sizes of different brands spanned up to five inches. For example a 5/6 and 7/8 at Le Chateau separates a waist of 30 inches from that of 31 whereas a 5/6 at Roots takes up all of 25 inches. Adding to this, if you take a size 9 in Diesel jeans, your measurements correspond most closely (of all the jeans on the chart) to a size 5 from Zara. Those who purchase a 10 at Benetton would take a 7 in Levi's and DKNY, an 8 at The Gap, and have waist measurements that correspond to a size 5 at Le Chateau and Zara. We also measured a size 11 at Urban Outfitters whose dimensions for both waist and hips were considerably smaller than the size 9 in DKNY jeans and those found at Le Chateau.

It goes on. But numbers are evil, so I'll stop now. The fact that so many women these days have little more basis for their self worth than the tag on a pair of jeans, is a wrenchingly sad thing. The fact that the number on this tag, as I have proven, has virtually no standardized meaning, demonstrates the utter insanity so characteristic of the beauty backlash.

But even more aptly, it shows how easily we attach ourselves to norms regarding beauty that are fundamentally transient and unstable. This instability doesn't only exist in the discrepancies I've shown, but also in varying cultural norms. If nothing else, just take this project as another reminder that, with respect to body image, it's society that is crazy, and not us.

In some closing remarks for the year, I'd like to thank coffee - for helping me stay up to write this column, President Bush - for making himself such an easy

target, and of course, all the unborn children. But to wrap things up more seriously, I should note that, though shedding light on pertinent issues has always been my goal, I sincerely hope that throughout the year my words have acted as a mirror as well. Getting so damn personal was the only way I thought I might achieve this. I don't regret anything.

I was eating lunch with a friend not too long ago. While discussing some of my previous column topics, she assured me that "we live in a world where people are so shallow and fake. If you say something that's true, you can shoot down anyone or anything." I hope so, because staying silent sucks.

See you in September.

LIFE...(IT FELT SPONGY) by Claire Blanchet



SURE, NIGEL FELT PROUD TO BE "FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING 2001"... BUT WHO WERE THESE CREATURES GATHERING TO STARE CRAZILY AT HIM? WERE THOSE GIGGLES HE HEARD FROM BELOW?

letters



ARTS TAVERN ADS OFFENSIVE

I am able to take a joke and I am not a champion of political correctness per se. I am, however, offended by the advertisements I see around campus for the Arts Tavern. Specifically the poster that calls you ugly and then tells you that you should go and get drunk and then it won't matter anymore. To find that a student organization, that is suppose to represent all the arts students of McGill, is celebrating the abuse of alcohol in such a manner is something that should not be accepted.

I am not in favor of making McGill a 'dry campus,' but it must be said that it is incidents involving the misuse of alcohol that is pushing the university to look seriously into this direction. The nature of these advertisements, especially with the horrible cases of sexually inappropriate activities connected with the misuse of alcohol at McGill events, is just all the more reason for the university to take the drastic step of removing drinking from our campus.

If students are not able to clearly demonstrate that we are able to control ourselves and use moderation then I believe the university will have no other choice. Having university officials see publicity like this spread around campus is not likely to make them wish to continue to have alcohol served at events.

The Arts Undergraduate Society should continue to provide the students with well-planned events, however they show some levels of respect in the ways they choose to advertise. There are so many other very funny and interesting ways they could present this event to students without being outrightly offense.

Aaron deMaisonneuve-Raml
UO Arts

GAYBASHING ARTICLE SHEDS LIGHT ON PROBLEMATIC ATTITUDES

I would like to thank Sean Carrie and Jon Bricker for their follow-up article on the "gaybashing allegations" against McGill Redmen which appeared in the Hour on March 15. Since The Daily seems to be the only campus paper to have given this matter any coverage whatsoever, I'm going to make use of your commentary page to open a discussion on the issues alluded to in your March 26 article.

It is no surprise that alleged harassers, Redmen Steve Colwell and Mike Freer, were in your words "more than a little disappointed" by the Hour's construal of the incident as a gaybashing. This term, which applies to verbal or physical attacks of a homo-negative nature, is a point of contention for all parties concerned. Colwell and Freer's roommate, Dan Cote-Rosen, seems to have been most concerned in your interview with denying the survivor's account of the incident and explaining the incident as the result of

biology: "two guys, a little testosterone, nothing more." Meanwhile, it seems that their coach, Chuck McMann, is setting a fine example by down-playing the seriousness of the incident based on the fact that no charges have been pressed.

But perhaps the most problematic issue brought up in your interview with McMann is the Redmen coach's concern with image over substance. If McMann's main concern is that his and his team's "image may be tarnished" by such allegations, it's no wonder that in the end the Redmen would "like to see it just rest." It is always easier to ignore this kind of hate crime than to address it and consider its repercussions on the lives of survivors of sexual harassment.

And next time, please try and make your photographs more relevant to the issue at hand. I suspect that if less celebrated members of the McGill community had been accused of a hate crime on or off campus, a Daily article as well-written as yours would have included photographs of the alleged aggressors, which, as the survivor found out, are readily available on the internet. In the end, is there more than just snow covering up McGill's Redmen?

Jordan Arseneault
U2 Arts

PLAYING WITH NUMBERS CAN'T HIDE RACIST MOTIVATIONS IN POLICE KILLING

Nick Rontiris (letters, March 19) apparently so enjoyed his use of numbers in his recent defence of the New York Police Department. Rontiris' reaction, though, used said numbers selectively, providing concrete evidence only where it suited him.

First, some numbers of rebuttal: four officers approached Diallo as he entered his apartment building. Seconds later, 43 shots had been fired. Here it behooves me to reiterate this most crucial fact. Forty-three shots were fired. Further forensic evidence released by the NYPD and published in The New York Times, Chicago Tribune, the Boston Globe, the New Yorker and Harper's Magazine (among others) prompted estimates by forensics experts that at least 12 of the shots that hit Diallo were fired while he was on the ground.

Second, the motive: one of the officers,

speaking under oath, later explained that he was prompted to shoot when he saw Diallo reach into his back pocket on the right-hand side. The officer inferred in retrospect that he was reaching for his wallet to present his ID before the shooting began. Perhaps this is the refusal to freeze to which Rontiris alluded.

The crux of the matter, however, is on this point. The description of the suspect, as Rontiris noted, was "African-American male, medium build." Now, over three million black people live in New York City. Of them, it is a fair estimate that half are male. Of those 1.5 million males, think how many could have what is so ambiguously described as a "medium build."

Diallo was a victim of racial profiling, guilty of being black in a black neighbourhood in the heat of a police manhunt. My goal here is not to insult police officers or question the necessity of their profession, but to strike down the objectionable and uninformed opinion that Diallo's death resulted from necessary use of force implemented upon a pursued suspect. My goal is to examine the potential tragedies that may result from racial profiling in law enforcement. My goal is to make it clear that it is disgraceful that a white man in the US can safely reach for his wallet while a black man will be presumed to be reaching for a gun.

Liam Moran
U1 Music

THE DAILY'S "ACCIDENTAL" FAUX PAS

This is a comment about a quote appearing in your issue of March 5. The quote was written by your "Visiting Gourmande" Aubryn Wetherbe in the section "Feasts of Fury."

The quote appears six lines before the end of the article. I suspect that the expression intended was "coup de foudre" rather than what is printed. Please notify that the quote she used has a completely different meaning (e.g. an extremely explicit sexual connotation), so you can pick it up for the bloopers edition which undoubtedly will be very rich and entertaining.

Marc-Hubert Nicole
U2 Math

On Making Eye Contact with Scammers



BY KATHARINE STICH

I've heard many urban folk point out the irony in the fact that although they live in high-rise buildings with hundreds of other people, pass by thousands of people in their city each day, they feel lonely, disenchanted and detached from the rest of the world. In essence, they're lonely and seek companionship.

On the other hand, many people who live in rural areas and are somewhat removed from the bustle of city life and crowds boast strong friendships with distant neighbours and a stable, family foundation. I used to be a very outgoing person who was eager to make new friends. Carpe Diem used to be my favourite expression – if I saw a cute guy waiting in a bus shelter, I'd talk to him. If I liked a girl's hairdo, she'd hear about it. Nowadays, not only am I reluctant to talk to strangers for fear of befriending a total weirdo, but more often I'm pretty sure that it's because they won't acknowledge me in the first place. I only say this because I know that I pretty much ignore any stranger who starts a conversation with me, ever. Why do I do this? Maybe the girl with funky, sequin-riddled hair wants to know where I bought my book-bag? Or perhaps the lovely couple on the corner wants to know which direction Schwartz's is? This is what I always tell myself when someone makes eye contact with me. And so I comply, and acknowledge them. I think to myself, 'maybe this person has something to say to me,' or wants to be my friend. So I let them speak, and without fail, they always want the same thing from me. Money.

I've gotten so fed up of being approached on the street, on the McGill campus, in shopping malls, while washing my hands in public washrooms – anywhere that one of these people thinks there is money to be made. I barely even look at people anymore for fear that they're going to try reel me in. Certain people are easy to avoid; for example, bums aren't usually very pushy when it comes to asking for money, although they can be found circulating the odd McDonald's or Starbucks bothering patrons, or disguised as deaf people selling key chains. But let's face it: you can generally recognize a person who will overtly ask you for cash, right? Wrong.

The new crop of panhandlers have become more discreet about their dire situation, and in turn, have ruined things for everyone. They use the "I'm lost, which way is..." method to get you talking, and then they ask you for money. They know that people will ignore them if they lie listless in a store entranceway. So they approach people, looking fairly presentable, and ask things like "do you speak English?" "I locked my keys in the car," "Are you from this city? I just moved here, and I don't know which way the museum is. Can you show me?" Once the conversation has begun, their hope is that they'll have put a small dent in your sympathetic ear. This always elicits a bad reaction from me. I'm not going to give the guy money either way. If he knew that I only had \$20 to last me until my next paycheck in two weeks, he'd know better than to ask me for change.

Although I may appear to be a cynical bitch from hell (something I've learned to take as a compliment), essentially I crave interaction with other people. Which is why it disappoints me that everyone is so scheming nowadays. I can't even walk around my own campus without having someone stop to tell me "wow, I think you've got great style!" to which I respond "thanks," and then, she says "I'm selecting only 10 young women to be part of a free special day of pampering at the Xiang-Xiang spa" to which I respond "what do I have to buy? What do you want from me? I'm not interested if there's something that has to be bought" and watch her rush away to accost another student with "a great look."

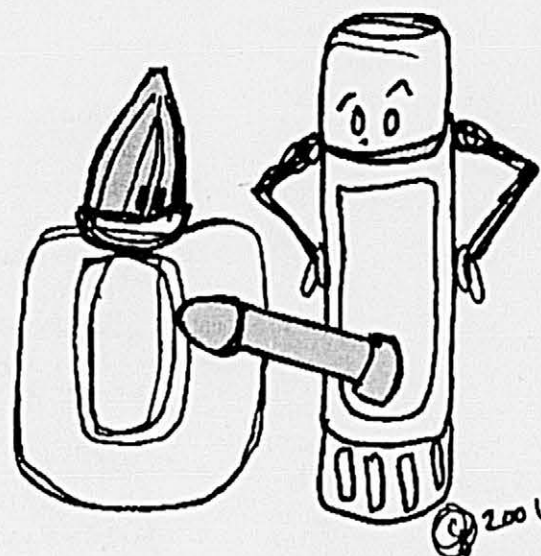
It's gotten to the point that if someone tells me they're lost, I don't believe them. If someone says "excuse me," I assume they either want weed, cigarettes or money. Sometimes these people who have been hired (or relegated) to pester strangers try to force things like flyers, samples and coupons on me. If I refuse, they find a way to stick one in my bag or on my windshield.

Finally, we have the standard group of men who feel compelled to badger women while they're walking alone or in groups, but that's not really a new thing. It's just another reason to avoid talking to, or making eye contact with, anyone. Because everyone knows that these guys think that they can get a pretty face to stop and talk to them, maybe they can woo her into their pants with a few "charming" words.

Where did all these sketchy people come from? And why have they spoiled any chance of me ever trusting a stranger again?

Katharine Stich is a U3 History student.

LIFE...(IT FELT SPONGY) by Claire Blanchet



"... AND I'LL CALL IT A 'STICK-ON'."

Goat's Milk, Spider Silk, and a Worrisome Lack of Openness in McGill's Research Labs

comment



BY ZACH DUBINSKY

McGill Scientists Gagged by Biotech Firm: Company Can Censor University's Research. It could have been the story that launched my investigative journalism career.

Instead, if it were published now it would be the end of it – and any hopes of financial solvency for the next few decades, libel lawsuits costing what they do.

It's all because of two measly lines of text: "Since McGill does not allow secret research to be carried out with its involvement, Nexia cannot prevent eventual publication of the research results."

But there's still some skulduggery left.

Nexia is Nexia Biotechnologies Inc., a young and ambitious – and as yet unprofitable – company launched by former McGill Molecular Genetics Professor Jeffrey Turner in 1993. They have a neat, albeit controversial, idea that they're hashing out

in St. Anne de Bellevue, around the corner from the university's Macdonald campus.

Nexia says it has successfully genetically modified goats to produce spider silk in their milk. Spider silk? Goat milk? Yeah, well, it turns out that congealed arachnid saliva, read: cobwebs, are one of nature's strongest materials, with twice the tensile strength of steel. Translation: Nexia's Turner says a spider-silk cable the diameter of your thumb could stop a 747 jumbo jet. Translation II (slightly more practical): the US and Canadian defence departments are working with Nexia to make lighter "flexible soft-body armour," a.k.a. bulletproof vests, presumably for combat soldiers. Translation III: doctors can suture complicated lacerations with filaments of BioSteel, as the material is known, so that the stitches won't tear as readily.

Never one to miss a ride on the animal husbandry bandwagon, McGill forged two research partnerships with Nexia, in 1999 and last year.

Thanks to the Access to Information Act, the research contracts between McGill and Nexia are mostly public. Both reveal mixed results about our university's attitude toward private, for-profit research.

Consider:

- The second contract stipulates that "McGill and Nexia will decide jointly which results are suitable for continued research and what to discontinue" (my italics). This clause means that our professors' freedom to pursue pure research or research that doesn't immediately seem financially lucrative – formerly cornerstones of academic science – have been compromised.

- Nexia retains the right to vet "any proposed publication" arising from the research, including "theses and articles as well as seminars and other oral and written presentations." If the company doesn't like what McGill's scientists are planning on publicizing, Nexia and McGill "shall negotiate an acceptable version." Again, our professors' freedom to publish their work in scientific journals or present it at conferences – formerly cornerstones of academic science – have been compromised. Of course they do retain the nebulous right, mentioned above, of "eventual publication of the research results." But when is "eventual"? And how doctored will the final text be?

We also know that Nexia has been criticized by groups concerned with its ethical

record. The company tinkered with nature to produce the world's first cloned goats in 1999. It has also created proprietary so-called BELE goats, short for "breed early, lactate early," that it will use to generate BioSteel. These African dwarf goats have undergone forced hormonal changes to make them breed year-round. And then there's the bit about the military: the US army will outfit its vehicles in antiballistic coats of BioSteel armour, Nexia hopes.

Exactly how immersed McGill is in these ethically murky waters remains unclear, but this much is known: according to the documents, McGill has been involved in experiments with the aim of "increasing the milk yield" of the goats, which "could lead to higher milk production and better quality of milk products" such as goat cheese. Of course accomplishing this, the documents reveal, will entail "using hormone treatment" – a contentious proposition, since at least one major jurisdiction, the European Union, bans hormone treatments.

Perhaps equally disturbing is what we don't know: McGill's redactors blacked out key passages of the released documents, including how much money Nexia is pay-

ing McGill (from the phrasing of the contract, the amount appears to be well above the university's expected research expenses); what the research budget is being spent on ("30 chickens and 30 rabbits" and "50 goats," amazingly, escaped the censor's black marker); and what's in store for an undisclosed number of genetically modified mice listed in an appendix. Such details often spell the difference between a benign private-public partnership and the gravest impropriety.

The secrecy surrounding the deals in itself underlines a worrisome lack of openness and accountability on the university's part. It may be a trite refrain, but it rings true: universities must remain transparent and accountable to the public. They must also be models of ethical conduct and provide havens for the free dissemination of ideas. On the balance, McGill's contract with Nexia likely does the opposite. Too bad we can't know for sure.

Zach Dubinsky was The Daily's Features Editor in Fall of 2000 and Copy editor in 1999-2000. He is interning at The Gazette this summer.

hyde park



BY MARK E. HIGGINBOTTOM

With the FTAA summit scheduled for Quebec City in a few weeks, it is perhaps of little surprise that students filled the room to capacity at last Thursday's debate concerning the free trade agreement. Indeed, projects as rich in implication as the FTAA warrant comprehensive inquiry and discussion.

The debate focussed on the pros and cons of the proposed FTAA, with Concordia Political Science Professor Harold Chorney at centre-stage, opposite McGill Economics Professor Chris Ragan.

Questions from the audience took a decidedly critical view of the FTAA, and this scepticism is not ungrounded. To be sure, when so many parallels can be drawn between the FTAA and the capitalist imperialism that has characterised the exploitive trade patterns of the past, many well-founded concerns with the FTAA are legitimately raised.

The main concern often involves the FTAA's implications for the environment, human rights, and social welfare in general. Indeed, these factors should be the prime concern, and it comes with a caveat. And it is this caveat that has made me pro-FTAA.

Embracing the FTAA in the Name of Human Rights, Development

To put this in perspective, I will now look at a few alternatives to the FTAA. It is a short-list, between which lie a continuum of possible (though not always feasible) policies that nation leaders could work with. Finally, I come back to the FTAA, and argue why, within this spectrum of policies we have before us, the FTAA is the most constructive and realistic of all alternatives.

The first alternative is an easy one. We could do nothing and allow the developing world to continue on its current path. This plan of (no) action implies that the environment will continue to be destroyed at an alarming rate, and that incidence of oppression and exploitation will continue to characterize the lives of many women, children, and workers in the developing countries. This is clearly quite undesirable. In short, we can not do nothing: something must be done.

A second alternative is to have some kind of multilateral agreement – much like the FTAA – but one that is perhaps a little more exploitive of developing countries' resources and a little less concerned with human rights. This might involve entering a free-trade act that is drawn up by wealthy politicians – whom may or may not be in cahoots with big business – and is remarkably efficient in its ability to redistribute wealth from the poor into the pockets of the rich.

The third and final alternative is to implement a more humanistic approach to free trade. This would include a shift in focus towards the preservation – indeed, strengthening – of cultural values and local institutions. This can be easily extended to include an extensive policy of environmental protection, as well as human rights protection (in particular, the rights of children, women and workers). Such a Utopia would probably make Sir Thomas More positively giddy, and I think almost everybody can agree that this alternative is the most desirable.

Which leads directly to my caveat. I think the humanistic approach is a pipe-dream, and all the time that we spend chasing that rainbow, the rainforest will continue to be decimated, and millions of people will continue to suffer in poverty. Something must be done. We must preserve culture and tradition, but people must also be able to provide for themselves. If it can not be guaranteed internally (as in the case of many – though certainly not all – developing nations), then maybe it is time for the poorer nations to enter negotiations with the external world.

It is important to note at this point that the FTAA negotiations are not being rushed through to completion. The FTAA has been in the works for over a decade already: in other words, each and every nation is being careful to protect their own long-run inter-

ests. Nothing is being sacrificed easily, and certainly not for free. Cooperative trade must, by definition, be mutually beneficial, and even though the talks are behind closed doors, I am comfortably in the belief that none of the South or Latin American countries are being bullied into exploitive trade by the richer nations. After all, no country will ever willingly accept a trade agreement that makes them strictly worse-off. Instead, they will probably look for an outcome that makes their entire country better off overall.

To be more controversial for a moment, I would even argue that the FTAA will actually stop – rather than promote – the disastrous so-called "race-to-the-bottom." For example, the FTAA could simply fix the corporate tax rate at a certain level, which must then be observed by every member country. I believe the FTAA has strong potential to permit a more careful and thought-out approach to development; an approach that will bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of people.

We need to drop our fantasies and look at reality. We need something like the FTAA to stand up for international human rights. We need to work with the FTAA to put an end to environmental destruction and enforce a shift towards sustainable extraction. And yes, we need the FTAA to help boost the poorer populations to a higher quality of life (in the broadest sense), and

this can be achieved through mutually beneficial trade. The FTAA has the power to do this, and for this reason, we should embrace the FTAA. We must regard it as a tool to get the things that we care about – human rights, environmental laws, etc. – put into place. Progress takes time, but I think a strong trade package embracing these ideals could – and should – be implemented in the next decade.

I therefore propose, as a second-best foreign policy, and in the interests of the women and children, and of the environment and labour force, for this and for every future generation, that we embrace the FTAA. It is the closest we can realistically get to achieving a stable long-term, humanistic-type of utopia.

This article should be approached as a thought experiment. It is also intended to stimulate debate without being quarrelsome. I consider delaying (i.e. protests?) the FTAA as being – partially – contradictory: we already have exploitation of people and environment in many of the FTAA member countries. Doesn't it make more sense to promote an intelligent multilateral agreement like the FTAA, and in particular, one that includes explicit protection of the environment and human rights?

Mark E. Higginbottom is a MA1 Economics student.

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP AT MCGILL

1999-2000 Audited Financial Statements

• For further information, call us at (514)398-7432 •

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP - MCGILL INC.

STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENSES

Year ended August 31

	2000	1999
	\$	\$
REVENUE		
Students fees	118 152	114 019
Grants - Restorative Justice Week	3 000	-
Grants - CAP, Health Canada and Environment Canada	2 685	-
Grants - McGill School of Environment (WTO Event)	1 500	-
Grants - PLDC, Emploi-Quebec, Gouvernement du Quebec	300	300
Grants - Summer Career Placement, HRDC	3 323	4 270
Grants - Young Canada Works, Heritage Canada	4 050	4 811
Grants - Canadian International Development Agency	-	15 304
Grants - Canadian Federation of Students	-	654
Fundraising - Canalevers	5 355	-
Fundraising - WAVES	740	360
ASCEED Donation	-	1 000
Interest income	1 049	683
Other revenues	3 588	4 528
	<u>143 792</u>	<u>148 467</u>
EXPENSES		
Depreciation - notes 1 and 3	2 021	1 991
Project costs - note 4	61 772	54 500
Insurance	1 168	1 142
Discretionary fund	4 614	4 158
General office expenses	4 630	3 756
Audit and professional fees	2 380	1 728
Rent	16 484	18 233
Interest and bank charges	102	115
Publicity	1 498	3 284
Retreats and meeting	1 230	1 447
Salaries and benefits	41 532	40 732
Telephone	2 009	1 645
Miscellaneous	-	27
	<u>139 617</u>	<u>130 808</u>
EXCESS OF REVENUE OVER EXPENSES	<u>4 175</u>	<u>17 659</u>

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH

BALANCE SHEET

August 31

	2000	1999
	\$	\$
ASSETS		
CURRENT ASSETS		
Cash	37 501	33 222
Accounts receivable	179	3 484
Prepaid expenses and inventory	1 554	1 524
	<u>39 234</u>	<u>38 230</u>
FIXED ASSETS - notes 1 and 3	<u>4 413</u>	<u>4 563</u>
	<u>44 413</u>	<u>42 793</u>
LIABILITIES		
CURRENT LIABILITIES		
Accounts payable and accrued liabilities	3 128	6 458
Due to McGill University	1 153	492
	<u>4 281</u>	<u>6 950</u>
SURPLUS - page 3	<u>40 298</u>	<u>35 093</u>
	<u>44 413</u>	<u>42 796</u>

APPROVED BY THE BOARD

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP - MCGILL INC.

SURPLUS

Year ended August 31

	2000	1999
	\$	\$
SURPLUS, BEGINNING OF YEAR	<u>33 519</u>	<u>20 300</u>
Excess of revenue over expenses - page 2	<u>4 175</u>	<u>17 659</u>
SURPLUS, END OF YEAR	<u>40 094</u>	<u>35 050</u>

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP - MCGILL INC.

CASH FLOW STATEMENT

Year ended August 31

	2000	1999
	\$	\$
CASH FLOWS PROVIDED BY (USED FOR)		
OPERATING ACTIVITIES		
Excess of revenue over expenses - page 2	4 175	17 659
Adjustment	-	-
Depreciation of fixed assets	2 021	1 991
	<u>6 196</u>	<u>19 650</u>
Net changes in non-cash working capital items	-	-
Accounts receivable	3 305	7 215
Prepaid expenses and inventory	(359)	1 649
Accounts payable and accrued liabilities	(3 329)	(10 406)
Due to McGill University	731	(153)
	<u>318</u>	<u>(2 335)</u>
INVESTMENT ACTIVITIES	<u>5 504</u>	<u>15 315</u>
Acquisition - fixed assets	(2 025)	(2 987)
FINANCIAL ACTIVITIES	<u>-</u>	<u>-</u>
NET INCREASE	<u>4 279</u>	<u>12 448</u>
CASH AND CASH EQUIVALENTS AT BEGINNING	<u>33 222</u>	<u>20 774</u>
CASH AND CASH EQUIVALENTS AT THE END	<u>37 501</u>	<u>33 222</u>

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP - MCGILL INC.

NOTES TO THE FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

August 31, 2000

1. JURIDICAL STATUS AND NATURE OF ACTIVITIES

The Company is incorporated under the Quebec Companies Act (Part 15) since February 15, 1995.

The Company is a non-profit corporation dedicated to promoting and conducting research, educating the public, based on that research, and undertaking appropriate action, all in an effort to develop effective citizenship skills in students and the general population, and work in the public interest for social change in Quebec.

2. STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTING POLICIES

FIXED ASSETS

Depreciation of fixed assets is calculated on the declining balance method as a fixed percentage.

Office equipment 20%
Computer software & equipment 30%

3. FIXED ASSETS

	Cost	Accumulated depreciation	Net Book Value
	\$	\$	2000 \$ 1999 \$
Office equipment	400	60	320
Computer software & equipment	31 932	29 504	4 428
	<u>31 432</u>	<u>29 564</u>	<u>4 440</u>

QUEBEC PUBLIC INTEREST RESEARCH GROUP - MCGILL INC.

NOTES TO THE FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

August 31, 2000

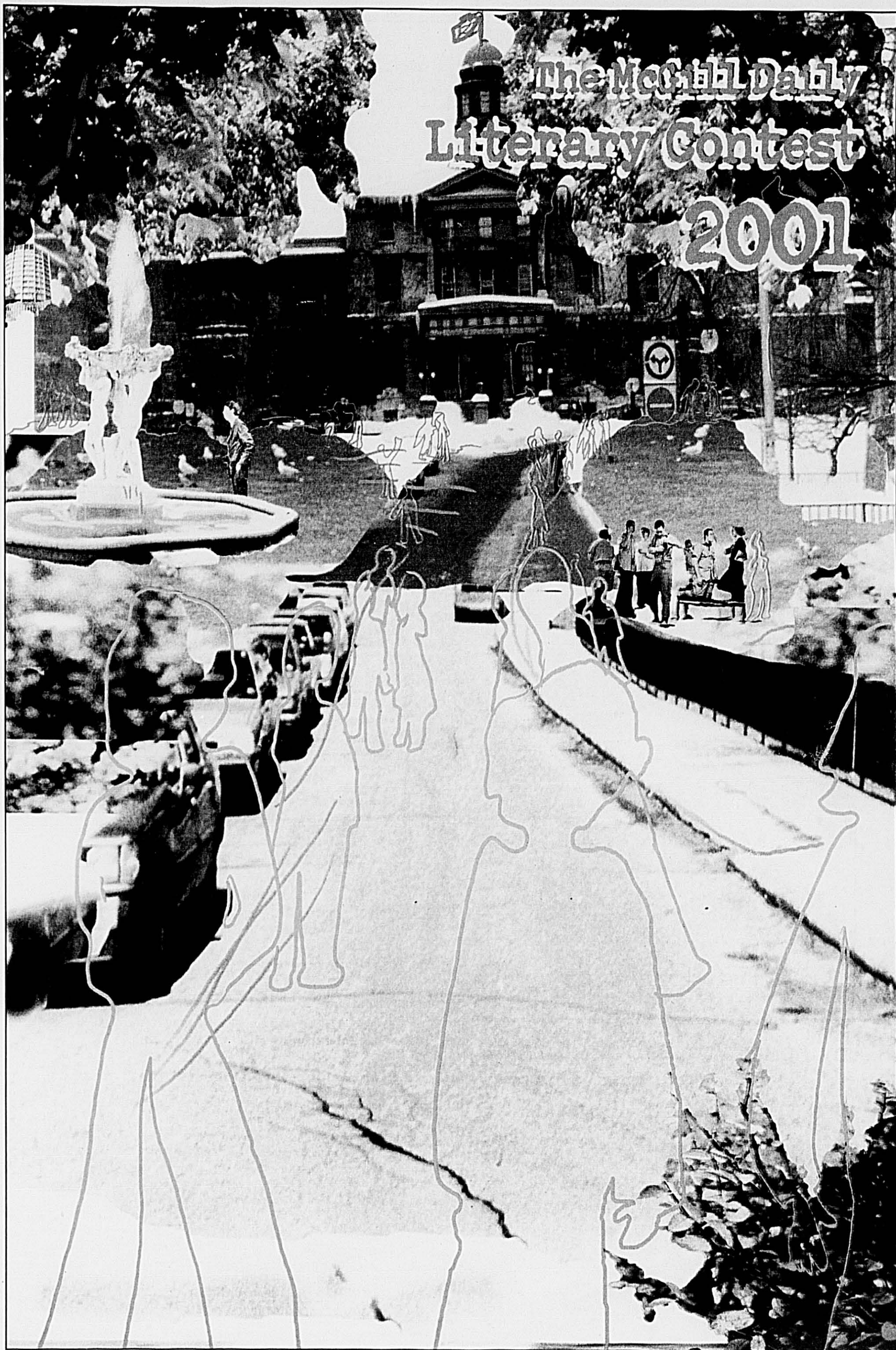
4. PROJECT COSTS

	2000	1999
	\$	\$
Research Internship Program	11 909	11 340
School School	9 232	-
Canalevers	7 515	-
WAVES	7 401	6 020
Work study program	4 244	2 329
Restorative Justice Week	3 059	-
BloodSisters Anthology	2 685	-
Library	1 958	1 920
Rites of Peace student	1 900	-
Alternative Forum	1 559	1 415
WTO Event	1 500	-
Greening McGill	548	538
CorpWatch	516	520
Un juste cde	814	804
Criminal Justice	730	1 258
Shah	619	-
Modeling Brown Action	488	-
EarthSave	450	1 463
New Societal Climate	421	65
BloodSisters	373	1 421
AVIARE	337	-
IMCQ	300	300
Brown Action Montreal	250	62
OnScale	66	284
SARANT	58	-
GSA	55	-
ASCEED	9	1 247
Summer agenda	-	7 818
CIS - Q Demo	-	615
ArtTee	-	89
Student Activist	-	28
	<u>61 772</u>	<u>54 500</u>

5. AGREEMENT

The Company shall pay an annual rent totaling \$200 for the first year. Thereafter, the rent shall increase on the basis of the cost of living index as established by Statistics Canada using each previous year as the base year. The term is five (5) years ending at December 2005.

The McGill Daily Literary Contest 2001



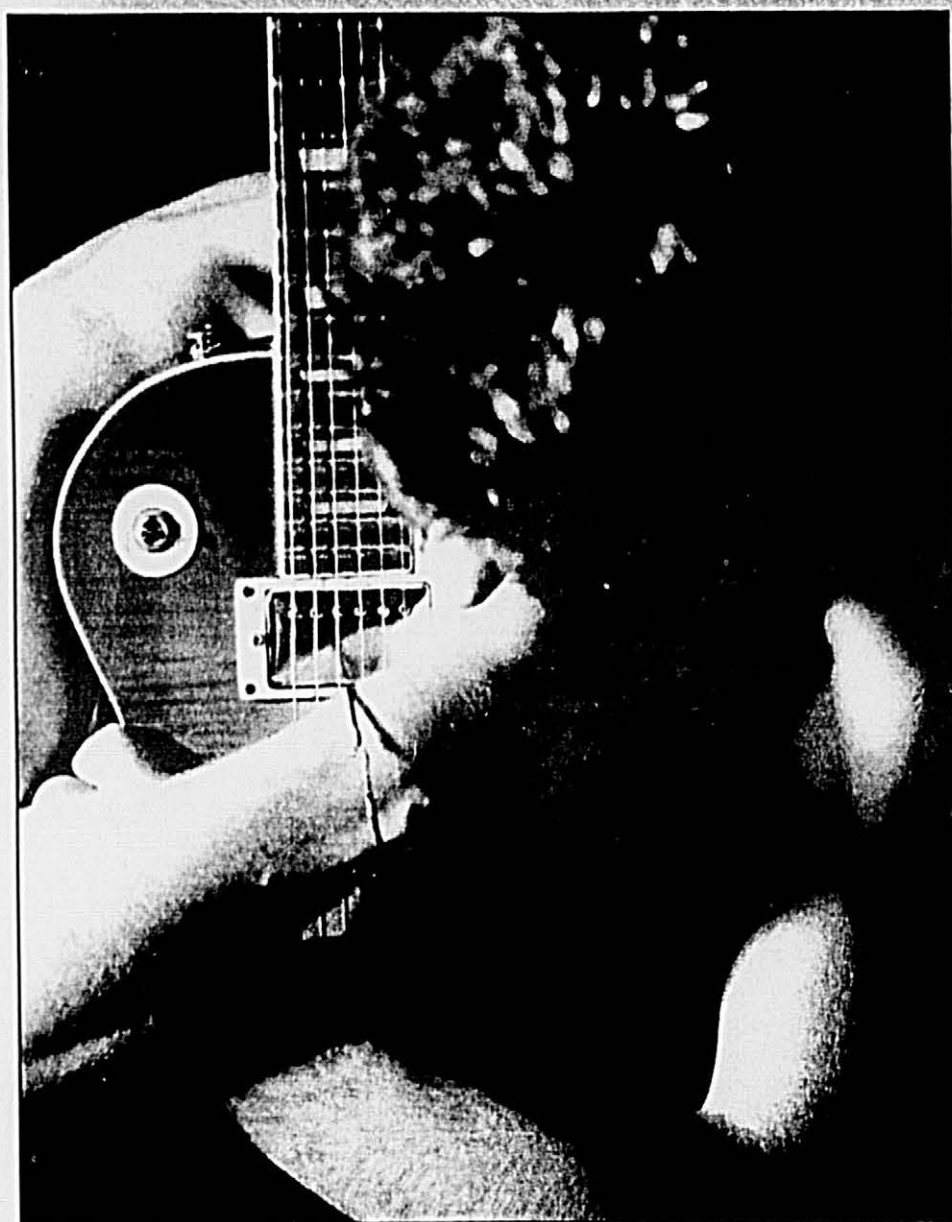
McGill Daily Literary Contest 2001

This year's McGill Daily Literary Contest was a resounding success. We had a deluge of entries- 56 poems and 24 short stories. It was a lot of work to coordinate that many entries, twice as many as last year, but it was worth it.

Many thanks to our hard-working judges who carefully selected the winners from a great group of contenders. Thanks also to those who donated gifts, especially Simon Dardick at Vehicule Press, and the McGill Bookstore.

Winners should call The McGill Daily office or email uncascrooge@hotmail.com to inquire about how to pick up their prizes and certificates. Prizes include \$25 dollar gift certificates to the McGill Bookstore, books from Vehicule Press, McGill Daily t-shirts and other miscellany.

J. Kelly Nestruck
Simon Rabinovitch
Literary Contest Coordinators



by Lukas Rieppel

The Judges:

The McGill Daily was very lucky to get such stellar judges for the 2001 edition of the literary contest. They were:

Andrew Pyper, Short Story Judge. Pyper is the author of short story collection *Kiss Me*, as well as the much acclaimed novel *Lost Girls*. Pyper is a regular contributor to *The Globe and Mail*, *Quill & Quire* and *Saturday Night*. He has a B.A. and an M.A. in English Literature from McGill, and a superfluous law degree from the U of T. Customers who bought titles by Andrew Pyper also bought titles by these authors: Jonathan Stone, Stephen Horn, Michael Kimball, David Long, and Thomas H. Cook. He lives in Toronto where he is hard at work at his second novel.

Eric Ormsby, Poetry Judge. Ormsby is author of four collections of poetry, one of which will appear this April with Vehicule Press under the title of *Araby*. His poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic*, *The Malahat Review*, *Descant*, and the *Paris Review*, among others. He's been involved in writing and editing poetry since he was a teenager, but won't specify when those teenage years occurred. He is the Poetry Editor for the Porcupine's Quill Press in Erin, Ontario. Pretty good for a McGill professor, huh?

Carmine Starnino, Poetry Judge. Starnino has published two books of poetry, *The New World* (1997) and *Credo* (2000). He has published his poems and essays in a number of national and international publications and is a regular reviewer of poetry for *The National Post* and *The Gazette*. He has recently been appointed poetry editor for Vehicule Press and the 'e' in his name is silent.

Short Story Winners:

Jonathan Regier won first place, but we couldn't figure out how to get in touch with him. He either didn't submit a phone number, or we lost it. From his story, we surmise that he's a good guy with dark hair and nice teeth. We think he studies at McGill. Something.

Sarah Boothroyd, (spawn of the We(s)tcoast (the Lower Rainland, to be more specific)) chooses an extra-large medium for expressing her commitment to creativity. Her means for approximating meaning include thought, conversation, written word, music, costume design, visual arts, and political activism. Sarah will do her utmost to avoid denting her \$10 000 porcelain dents as she rides her 2-wheeling silver steed across the continent this summer, as part of a protest against Canada's lack of commitment at Kyoto. She is studying Philosophy, with a minor in World Religions.

Julia Dow is a U1 Arts Student in English Literature. She likes to sleep, eat, smoke cigarettes. She's been writing bad poetry since she was 14. She has no cat, but wishes she did. She's allergic to cats, though.

Poetry Winners:

John Lennox is a U2, English Lit student. He was born and raised in St. Catharines, Ontario. He currently attends McGill. He has worked with *Montage Creative Review* since September 1999, serving as Editor-In-Chief since September 2000. He's got that sonnet thing down, we'd say.

The name's **Jennifer Blais**, native of Montreal, U2 Physiology student, and headed for a career in forensic science. I've been writing for ages - I remember in kindergarten, most people were drawing pictures, and I was writing little stories about magic bunnies! Eventually I'll have a bestselling novel or two - as soon as I can find time to write them.

Jackie Klein is a U1 Cultural Studies kid. She hopes to one day graduate and become a superhero. In the meantime, she enjoys drinking coffee, watching movies, and putting papers off until the last possible second.

Sherwin Tjia is the author of *Pedigree Girls* and *Gentle Fictions*, both to be released this year from Insomniac Press. He is both a particle and a wave. On May 1, he wants you to check out his new website www.pedigreegirls.com.

Eve Pickles was born in Edinburgh. She spent time in Florida as a child and hated it, and ran away from home at 17. She smokes heavily and skydives regularly. She is doing a Master's Degree in Political Science and is External and Government Affairs coordinator of the Post-Graduate Students' Society. Her last name, it should be reiterated, is Pickles.

First Place Poetry

The Violins by John Lennox

The violins betoken solitude,
a bubble piercing perfect air. The gate
is open to the garden, blooms dilate.
We will return to our bodies, still imbued
with all the pinnacles of finitude.
This little bridge that wavers with our weight
collapses later for no reason. Wait—
a chorus of trees provides a path, a mood.
Through the gate begins the process of unseeing;
the sense of sunlight lapsing by the side
of the house, of you, alone in the clearing,
about to walk back through the woods, between
two hollow trunks which fall behind you, hide
the shape of your body disappearing.



by Lukas Rieppel

And Then by John Lennox

And then the thought of death is just a thought
or absence thereof, a word behind a word.
She stood before a mirror, body blurred,
and thinking, somehow I am what I'm not;
I'm not the mere reflection of a thought
behind a thought behind a word. I've heard
the bells and sirens sing, and they conferred
eternity on bells and sirens. Caught
in that pure sounding was the blue array
the sun left on the table. In the end
the always is always a never, and the light
is always out in time for sleep, one night
you woke and thought you stared into the wind
one second, one indelible delay.

Judges' Comments

Carmin Starnino: And Then is a nice sonnet. There is a vivid intelligence combined with an exacting formal instinct.

Eric Ormsby: The Violins is a skillful and gracefully executed sonnet that remains simple in language and conception but which is quite moving as well. The meter is handled with assurance from the opening line "The violins betoken solitude" which sounds like the "attack" of an instrument to the final feminine rhyme of "disappearing." There are beautiful touches too: "all the pinnacles of finitude" is just one example.

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First Place

Short Story

Michael

by Jonathan Regier

I
On June 25, three days after school ended, Michael's mom was killed while jogging. An elderly man, seized by a coronary, bucked forward, clamped down the gas, and snatched her up with the fender of his pearl-coloured Cadillac. She was thrown some 30 feet into a weedy patch of suburban bushes. Michael, who had been playing nearby, heard the ruckus and struck out for its origin. He didn't resist when a neighbor eased him off his mother's body. He had been picking leaves from her face, stems from clotting ears.

That was the summer between fourth and fifth grade. Michael spent most of it on "vacation"; my parents wouldn't divulge anymore. They forbade me to visit his house in the days immediately following the accident, and I wasn't allowed attendance at the funeral. "Exposure to death is too much for a child," they said from their room one night.

Michael and I were best friends. By some quirk of probability, we had shared class each year of our short academic life. During the summers, we spent nearly every day together. Once, we even pricked our index fingers and touched them, mingling blood. When he left, then, I was gloomy, but in the days that followed he and his situation began to occupy less and less of my attention. I was taken up in other things, with other friends: I was playing baseball for a travel-team; my family made several trips upstate, downstate, out-of-state—more than usual—probably for the sake of kindling these exact effects. By mid-July, Michael had virtually ceased to exist. That's the way it is with kids.

II

During the latter half of July, Lilly and I whittled away time together. Lilly lived a few blocks down the street, but we had only become friends the previous school year, when, thanks to a nose-bleed, I had the pleasure of meeting her in the nurse's office; she was malingering, accusing the principle of secretly poisoning her juice-boxes. We took to each other immediately.

Lilly was a strange girl. She had a disease of the nervous system and was consequently the most injury-prone person I'd ever met. During the course of a year, she managed to badly scold her hands twice—she regularly had disas-

trous falls. Luckily, her father was a well-respected physician, so medical care was never remote, although there was little science could do for the condition itself. As a preventative measure, she wasn't even allowed to participate in gym or recess. But the odd thing was that, when we were playing alone, I remember her possessing an unmatched grace, a dancer's purity of movement. Lilly would easily lose me behind fences, easily soar on while I untangled my lumbering self from a cunning root.

She came over my house one day after lunch, and we decided to head off into the woods, an expansive bird sanctuary that bordered our development. The woods existed as a separate world for us—it was free of adults; I never saw an alarm clock in the woods, nor a teacher, nor a doctor, nor even a book. That afternoon, we were far out in the sanctuary, past a well-known stream.

Lilly and I had been walking for about an hour. Within the boundaries of the stream I knew the moss by heart, but I had never really ventured out any further. Lilly didn't seem worried. Though the flora began to thicken, she proceeded effortlessly and walked as if familiar with the territory. She was very quiet too. Multiple times, I tried questioning her confidence, to no response.

Finally, she spoke. "We're almost there." She pointed to a tight, circular little grove of saplings, almost indistinguishable from the surrounding trees. We walked quickly and, entering the grove, found a boulder at its center.

"Ok, now help me move this," said Lilly.

"Why? Lilly you're crazy: it's huge. We can't move it." I was very confused. I thought she was joking.

Lilly ignored me, setting her shoulder to the rock. Sighing with exertion, she pushed, but it wouldn't move.

"You have to push. It's big, but if we both push, we'll get help."

"Help? Lilly, what are you talking about?" Lilly ignored me. Dumbfounded, I stepped up beside the rock to help her; I had no choice: she knew the way back. We both struggled momentarily before the boulder seemed to move miraculously of its own accord. There was an imprint in the earth but nothing below. Lilly implored me to help her dig. Turning to her, protesting, I perceived something so unspeakably sorrowful in her face that I knelt without dissent and made my hands into shovels.

My fingers began to bleed from under the lip of my nails, and the pads on my fingertips were chafed badly. We kept on until, finally, Lilly hit a solid plane. We fanned away the remaining muck to uncover a wooden rectangle, five feet long, the breadth of a collar-bone. Lilly very slowly craned over her forearm and pried her fingers between the board and the outer soil. She pulled outward, revealing the insides of a rotating casket.

Roots had broken through the porous wood and run themselves about the cavern's whole, so you couldn't find its bottom. Insects of several species emerged and disappeared in the growth, traversed the casket's boundary into surrounding earth. The lowered sun played upon the grove and deepened the green of the sapling's canopy. Lilly and I seemed absorbed in the forest scene, and, though my fears had been growing, I now felt a certain peace, a release of some tension I knew to exist only as it abated.

Lilly touched my arm. I wanted to cry when she looked at me. She thanked me and dipped herself into the casket. She laid herself on the twisted roots and the pillows of dirt. Things became terribly clear—her absence the last month of school, her disorder, her contradictory grace. Though she had known more pain than I could ever understand, she was smiling at me now. I closed the casket and rolled the boulder, which must have weighed five hundred pounds, over her resting spot.

The trees parted their branches to lead me home.

III

By the end of summer, I was beginning to miss Michael. Feeling cheated out of a best friend, I started riding my bike by his house every afternoon, hoping to find their car in the driveway; it was a blue Mercedes.

The last week of August, I saw the blue Mercedes. Michael answered when I rang the doorbell.

"We just got back last night," he said as I took off my shoes. He and his father had been down in Florida visiting Michael's grandparents. "It was fun. I swam everyday. Guess whose signature I got?"

We were in his kitchen now, and when I had exhausted all my guesses, he took a slip of paper from his pocket, unfolded it and gave it to me. Arnold

Schwarzenegger had signed it.

"I got it at Universal Studios—my grandpa took me. Arnold was a nice guy, and he asked me how I was doing. I told him my mom just died."

"What'd he say?"

"Nothing really."

"Oh."

Michael told me more about the great time he had in Florida, about how his grandparents let him stay up late and basically do anything he wanted. "They felt bad for me, I think."

"Hey, you wanna see something?" Michael asked. It was a rhetorical question, but Michael still waited for me to nod; he was polite kid. We walked down the hall to the living room entrance.

Michael told me to stay quite as we entered the living room. His father was on the couch, passed out with his back to us, badly smelling from ten feet away. He was clutching a dress. Pressed between him and the couch, the dress hung its top part over his shoulders and back. Michael walked over to the couch and selected a beer can off the soiled carpet. I watched him turn it over in his hand, turn it over again. It tinkled softly as he studied it. Michael balanced the can on his father's head, the matted hair, and kept his fingers hovering near. We both laughed.

I waited, somewhat frightened his dad would awaken, while Michael went off to the kitchen. He returned with some greasy looking forks and a wooden spoon. Dragging the plastic toy box from the other end of the room, we approached his dad again. We put the handle of the fork in his ear, and laughing, laid a Popsicle stick plank from the fork prongs to the can. The stick held.

In this way we made a fine castle. Along the cliffs of his back we spotted watchtowers, and support columns were taped to his shoulders. We crafted buttresses and spires from broken cups. His deliberate inhalations and sobbing exhalations were the breathing mechanisms of an underground furnace. Army men transported deadly freight along the crooked road of his top leg, and, injured in earlier battles, they kept on, kept watch, kept fighting upon and falling from the cliffs; sometimes they even died, though not for long, since Michael's army men seemed to have dwindled in numbers over the years. I had the idea to tie some ribbon around his dad's wrist and crouch at the couch's end; Michael called out that enemy troops had been

spotted, and I raised the drawbridge.

When the game got old, we left his dad in that state, a fortress, as we once knew him.

IV

Michael and I went out in the woods later that day. Michael told me that he wanted to visit our ship, which he had missed the whole time in Florida, so we made the rugged trip to where it sat.

Far within the sanctuary, reachable only by a deer trail, there was a ship, an old cracked and splintered sailing rig that had somehow ended up in a fetter of boughs and branches, maybe five miles from the nearest road. The trees around the rig were old—we had no clue where it came from; Michael would fabricate a new source for the boat, a new means of deposition, a new captain, every time we visited. It was once the hasty work of a wary man who, thousands of years ago, saw a portentous cloud and overheard some rumours concerning a Noah fellow. Another time, it was the effect of a twister on a family's Sunday trip; we checked inside and out for bones, but never gleaned any evidence. When we sat in the boat now, we didn't speak for a while.

"I can't think of anything," said Michael.

"You can't think of anything? What? It's easy. How about if a drunken captain decides to surf a tidal wave?"

"That's stupid. It's stupid and I can't think of anything. Anyway, I'm the one who makes the stuff up."

I let it go. Michael was looking at the ship's floor, bending a twig between his fingers. A breeze kicked up, tenuously, at first, and then with more confidence. Moist leaves started to rasp and fall and drop onto the ship, over our hair and splayed legs. Michael kept without a word. He looked at me.

"I still can't think of anything."

I stared at my feet, trying to uncover the source of my uneasiness; Michael and I had sat in long silences before. Michael suddenly took my hand. He twisted himself round and, before I could react, kissed me, pushing his lips onto mine. I drew backward, surprised.

We sat on the ship until the sky darkened. I felt as if I had stumbled into a room not yet meant for me. And though we had some brief, irrelevant conversation, Michael wouldn't look at me until I saw him again the next day.

Second Place

Short Story

Teething

by Sarah Boothroyd

1.
"Ya mean she bit'ch ya?" Geraldine asks Eric. Geraldine is an Irish woman with a face round as a clock. Her son Eric buries his forehead in her skirt, the birthday party hat trembling fuchsia and lime sparkles as he sobs. Eric's corduroy pants are a crumpled mound, exposing him knee to waist. Minus his small animal whimpering, quiet has squashed the confetti and cake hoopla that stormed the room only minutes before. An opaque silence replaces giggles. The children stare, eyebrows furrowed, mouths round, studying Eric's bare behind. It's as if my mouth had drawn two parentheses an inch apart, bracketing his ivory skin. The symmetrical crescents, one smiling, one frowning, are drooling a sanguine lane down his hamstring.

2.
More molar dolor: Kathy's fingers wear lilac and mint studded dentist rings. Her nails wear the orange horizons of a Kraft single slice sandwich. Over her knuckles, the skin is tight as an open umbrella. And white as a snowbank. Her hands are holding her hands tight toward her sternum, pressed against the toothed zipper of her fur-lined parka. It's as if my mouth had drawn a dotted line across the width each finger, a treasure-map trail from one side to the other.

3.
Construction workers on the road up ahead are bouncing on mechanized pogo-sticks. Dribbling like human basketballs. Drilling into the road like a tattooist with a giant needle on a road of skin. The sound clunks rhythmically, cramming its incessant bangbangbang into the street. I decide to fall down. I want to see if my will can override instinct. And so I start falling down. Evenly. Not falling into my ankles like a skyscraper exploded, but rather like a

book on its cover. I remain door-stiff and watch the sidewalk approach 90 degrees - 110 - 130 - 150 - 175 - and my face is flat, smeared against the pavement. Kids are screaming. Then, there's a team of paper-mouthed people above me talking out of wrapped lips "Oh look she's waking up"/ "She's coming around"/ "Good as new." Seems the cement purloined my front left tooth. From then until the adult tooth erupts, I wear a plastic false, with wires running from it to a plastic plate in the roof. My mouth has a plastic front door and a plastic attic. My smile is plasticized.

4.
BMX flamingo pink and teal and tough-girl-tom-boy thrashing the neighbourhood on treaded wheels. Hand-breaks and all the high-tech fineries, I slide over curbs and around curves faster than even Dobermans can run. My Punky Brewster inspired three pairs of socks blaze a cotton pastel trail wherever I soar. Hitting rumps of driveways and sudden take off, invisible wings flap, bye-bye handlebars, wheels, seat. BMX = Bail, Mommy! excruciating. I plant my mouth in the asphalt soil of my neighbours driveway. Blood sprouts enthusiastically. Salty sticky, the ocean lapping against my tongue. Mommy! My front teeth are pushed so far up into my gums I can hardly see them. Little white tips peaking out from thick petals of pink flesh. The worst pain. The next day pliers pulling them out of my gums.

5.
White pus sac perched on my gum, so I eat toxins with every swallow. A body produces one litre of saliva a day. I take mine with pus, thank you. A tiny, perfectly round igloo nestled above my front right tooth. It melts everyday, the run off coating my tongue. The dentist can make no dent in the mysterious pus sac except to call it a "fistula." The endodontists end up poking hot and cold and pain into my

teeth to test their virility. One specialist, Mr. Lips big as rubber dinghies, recommends waiting until the platinum globule bursts. Another specialist, Mrs. Vinyl-smooth voice, recommends a root canal on the front left tooth. Another specialist, Mr. Cologne infestation, recommends a root canal on the front right tooth. Another specialist, Dr. Fraser, amputates the little creamy bugger, digs into the gum, and removes a chunk of hamburger-like flesh, while I watch the faded ski poster on the ceiling that says: "Live on the edge, but don't fall off." My face swells unrecognizable. All blue-purple rhododendron hue around my chin and cheeks. Dr. Fraser wiggles his flashing tools to gesticulate the verdict: "Yes, you need a root canal on the front left tooth...Hm let's just go ahead and do both front teeth." First time I cry in a dentist's office. My teeth are hollowed and stuffed with cotton. An oral taxidermy. Fragile shells of enamel, biting into granny smith's and peanut brittle is now like walking on stilts made out of glass.

6.
Creeek-crack. What was that? My body is suddenly a building I've never visited before. Blood is playing musical chairs on the furniture of my mouth. My front teeth are rimmed red, wearing crimson berets. Low slung, they've loosened their suspenders and are dragging my tongue. Teeth dangling like wind chimes. Lippy mouthy toothy grinned gal gone Smash. My teeth: a porch upon which blood swings. White rocking chairs of bone. My teeth sticking horizontal from my gums: a plank upon which blood walks, belly flops across my lips, sinks down my chin. Miles and miles of smiles behind me.

7.
Teeter-totter-tooth, A titanium implant will do.
Teeter-totter-teeth, it'll cost a nose and a knee.



by Lukas Rieppel

Third Place

Short Story

Things of Such Importance

by Julia Dow

I do not recall the true names of things. It is possible that I never knew them. Or, perhaps I knew them once but now I have forgotten.

That summer, I sleep in many beds, pass through many arms. The men all bid adieu without grief, it is as though they know that they can be replaced in the next city. Before I sleep with Prague, I try to remember in my head. In my head, I hold up two hands, fingers spread. One, fold down the finger so that it curls into my palm, Salzburg. Two, Vienna. Three, Budapest. Four, Budapest. Five, Budapest (but you must understand, I was in Budapest for a long time.) Lovers number five: a perfect fist. Could count another one in Salzburg, but I never do. Six, Prague makes six. After Budapest I tell myself, No more, it is futile, but sometimes you open your mouth to say something, and you do not hear yourself speak.

The tram tickets that year are emblazoned with a triumphant logo. This is a city that has outdone history, escaped the passage of time. The turrets here are green, unbombed, have memory of neither bombs nor sirens. And there is so much cobblestone in this city.

I want to tell you a love story. Understand that when he is posed above me, between my legs, and we are staring at his brother, being daring (young spontaneous foolish) about sex, verifying whether his brother has well and truly passed out or not, that we may continue, I did not know. And when he enters me and we begin to giggle, he presses his hand hard against my mouth, he breathes admonitions in my ear, I cannot help it, I could never help it. He had a face that could control itself. I do not.

The night that I am finishing the red wine, and it is like this: It is like a movie. The girl has wine-stained lips. She is cheap, hurt, loose. She is every-boy's girl, they want to save her and she wants badly to be saved. She wears shirts, mildly translucent, that fall over her breasts, which are prominent. She wears shirts that slip off her shoulder, revealing a thin bra strap. She makes them think of sex. She does and does not want to. It is like a movie, and love scenes, as well as more sordid events, occur in slow motion.

You must imagine it: They sit transfixed on a bench. He is sober. She holds the plastic bottle loosely, and offers it to him. He demurs. She finishes the wine. She slurs, "Now I am well and truly

drunk." She has the italics known by cheap drunks. He has a British accent, thick hair, a jaw that speaks volumes. She has a mouth full of grief, wine-stained lips that tremble. There is a tear, that slips, that pauses, clutches the eyelash, the single tear (just like in the movies!) on her cheek, runs slow slow it doesn't want to let go of her face, clings to the bottom of the chin and finally falls. And that hand, his hand, this hand of her lover's brother lifts: thumb to the unnamed curve under the eye. Holds face. (Close up on hand.) The music does not swell. There is the low hum of silence in a large, unoccupied—save for two potential lovers—room.

All consolations are depressingly simple. (Don't cry/ Please.) Shouldn't he be more than that? Isn't there a thread of desire that binds them together despite the bright fluorescent light? Shouldn't his words be profound and appropriate?

Somehow they are closer now. Knee to knee to knee to knee. The space shrinks, evaporates under the strain of temptation. Face approaches face. Close up on his wide mouth, her parted lips. Hear them inhale, not move, preserve the moment, wallow in the scent of—her neck/his aftershave. So close and still they do not have to do it. She hears him breathe. He does not have to betray his brother, she does not have to betray her lover. They are cheek to cheek; almost. She sees very clearly his earlobe. The eyes close. Of course it must happen. It happens like that in the movies.

So it all goes to hell. Profoundly, appropriately.

I lie with him by the river bank. It is dawn, and rather cold. We have been there for hours. We say nothing.

Walking through a square on our way to Roxy. There are many squares in this city. In 1968, Soviet tanks roll through certain of these squares, crushing blood into the cobblestone. This is so that thirty-some odd years later, North Americans pre- and post- college may sit and sing with the bad Italian guitar player on this blood. This is so fast food hamburger and shish-kaouk stands might be erected on the blood, and thus better serve the post-club crowd that weaves drunkenly through the threatening blue of dawn.

One morning my lover awakes, and relates to us his dream. His blue eyes are shot transparently with discomfort. He says to me, "I dreamt that J— was fucking you. I dreamt that he came into

this room, and I was sleeping, and he woke me up and waved his big dick in my face and he laughed at me. And all I could hear was his laughter, echoing in this room." But, he turns to his brother and punches him affectionately. "You're such a cunt, J—", he says. I look at my lover, transfixed, and without guilt, because it had not happened yet. How can he know, even before it happened? (There are undercurrents, of course, his brother's hand stroking my sandal-less foot under a table, his mouth to my ear, a flirtatious glance, a generous and intimate gesture). I am wearing a white bedsheet, wrapped loosely around the body. I climb into his bed, take his lower lip between mine. His face is scratchy and he closes his eyes. I do not look at his brother.

I dream of myself abandoned in the light, red blood pooling from my ears and mouth, trying to catch the liquid in my hands. And I have never known this much blood. I wonder at it even as it spills out and I become weaker. It is so red, so warm, so thick, tracing lines in my fingernails and thighs.

When I look at my conspirator, I pretend that what has happened has not actually happened. I pretend that I do not understand the look in his eyes. I pretend that I regret it and that I am solely focused on my lover, all the while I hold the gaze of his brother for longer. For harder and multilayered gazes. I try to threaten, seduce, pry information from his face, from under his flesh. I do not stop to wonder if it is me. In fact, it is not me but a more insidious, tainted form, bleeding in the streets. I only know the extended pleasure of this indecision. But we find ourselves admitting the unspoken when we are alone, in the movement of an eyebrow, the way he looks at my mouth.

This is not a love story. Imagine: It is their last night in this city. They go from bar to bar. At each bar they stop at, careening drunkenly throughout the Old Town, the clock imprinting the sky with time, she exercises less and less caution. She runs her thumb along her lover's lower lip, she exults in it. She waits for her lover's brother to disappear so that she can suck on this lip, or better, she waits for her lover's brother to return so that he can watch it.

She asked him the night before (around dawn, very cold and grey, she lay on top of him and he lay on the grass and she shivered. All noise was amplified including the illicit beat of their hearts.)

- How do you feel when you see me with him?

- What do you mean?

- How do you feel? What does it make you feel?

- I don't know... I don't...

- You do know. I know you know. Tell me. You like it.

- No. Yes. I don't know. Yes, I like it.

- Why do you like it?

- I don't know— It makes me want you more.

Laughter. Shivers.

- Because we're masochists. Because we're very... bad... people.

- Because I want you.

- Because I want you both.

The night before they leave is a celebratory night in many ways. Of the intimacies that only travellers can indulge guiltlessly in, the unconditionals that occur away from home, and that will never be found again, neither in that place (now known) nor at home.

Pan to the face of the betrayed brother emerging from the washroom to discover his brother and his lover wrapped in each other's arms, heads rising and falling according to the cadence of the bar. He stops. We see his eyes close briefly. Open. Close. He returns to the washroom.

The other one stops, he says, Wait. Stop. She is pressing her mouth to his neck, running her fingers in her hair. Stop, he says. I saw him. What? I saw him. What?

It is better to see what follows in silence (through a pane of unbroken glass); pain is best consumed and understood without noise. And nothing can be said, in any case. It must happen. It must happen that he speaks with her in private. That she wonders if the water in his eyes is from the smoke. That tears spill over her cheeks and she sobs, (many tears, is this weeping?) and he cannot help but hold her though his lips tighten and a silent sigh runs through his eyes. He is momentarily weak and he grants forgiveness, he says: You made a choice. (She stares at his mouth.) If you choose my brother, fine. That's...okay... But you cannot have us both. He says, You made a choice; and he holds her as she sobs and she breathes, you must understand, I told you, I said, do you remember? I could love you. How are things of such importance accomplished in so little time? He feels his lungs crush against his insides—twice. Twice lost, twice lost.

He can no longer speak to either of them, and he can no longer look at her, mused and streaked. He regrets this whole city, he would like to swallow his

memory. He paces while they wait for the tram. He looks into the river. (An American boy that they mocked three days ago boasted that he fucked some girl on a famous statue on the bridge in the middle of the night. Supposed to have been lucky. Sure, Tim, they had said.) The swans float, awkward and beautiful bobbing masses of white, the black of their beaks tucked into their wings. The peddleboats are tied to the port, in peeling reds, blues and yellows.

It is like a movie, meaning: she is guided by what she knows of film. After her lover's brother leaves (on an earlier flight), and her lover has disappeared into the crowd, she is overtaken by the urge to find him. To tell him something, to make it better, to alleviate this weight, to repair this unbroken city. She realizes that no words will unweave the frayed threads of desire. But still, she opens and closes her mouth.

So I look for him, for his dark head. But there are too many heads to see his own. I listen for his voice, but there are too many voices to hear one. The curve of a boy's lips like the bow of a skilled archer, seen in passing, and his name is on my lips, overpowering. I forget his brother immediately, but I do not forget him. And I do not understand why.

At two o'clock I have wandered around this city for three hours, sleepless, the dirt of the past six days is encrusted behind my ears and in my eyes. I want to stop but I cannot. Each time it is not him, and a tear slips out and I am stupid for regretting this, and I am stupid for doing this and having done it in the first place. I know he will be at the airport at three o'clock and I want to go there, run across the tarmac and throw myself down, offer myself as sacrifice for the deed, but it will not be done. A face against the sky, a sigh reverberating off of the tackily upholstered chairs, the red pulsing of impatience (how long before the next connection), the sleep creases in cheeks, the click of the plastic meal tray, the cramp of your toe, the whirr of recycled air, the wheels scraping and the grunts of handling one's own baggage: I long to know the drama that occurs in hubs of transportation, where declarations of love will not be doubted by observers.

Instead, I find myself in a park, near to the Canadian Consulate. I look at the leaves; it strikes me that it is almost September. There is a void I do not understand around my heart. I witness the wind caress the trees, and I shiver. I think I will go home soon.

Second Place Poetry

Heartthrobber by Sherwin Tjia

She is breathing her life away in here. At 21, she is so cool she couldn't even give a shit about not caring. Tossing with the monsters in her head, she is Joan of Arc with a fashion sense. She wanted out from behind the counter, to ask inappropriate questions of her customers. When asked if she would have done it, she said she would have liked to have had the time. Someone asks her for another café au lait with cinnamon. All the soft people standing around this enchantingly vulgar girl, who takes their money with one hand and makes change with the other. She wanted to dash out the front door and join the sleepy blondes in their shiny black cars surfing through the runnels of snow like trout along Crescent street. The people pulsing, new love on everyone's lips. Her first kiss made her want to throw up. People remember her as the maddest girl in school. Her eighth grade prize-winning speech: I'd like to live in nuclear winter. She remembers every Enid Blyton adventure she'd ever read. Every chapter. She's got talents. People tell her. She can be completely charming. You're going to do what she wants you to- but you're not going to mind. She knows how to say things to people so that they'll want to do it. She is blessed with the insane cheekbones of the moment. She has a drawerful of tissue-thin lacy underthings, a closetful of slinky little slip dresses, and she loves the way she smells. This from a girl who had at one point given up being a girl. Today her to-do list reads: hang out, dress up, make stuff, have do's, and have rivers of money flowing in the door. On her break she pens meticulous napkins full of her still-seedling dreams. The empire up and running. Correspondents in every country, registering the global local scene. Music festivals, magazines, records and media. Something for everyone. Pedestrian.com. She sits in the sun and says to herself, pretend you're tea. I am bengal spice, I love to seep into my surroundings, steep the world. She read things and realized that she was not outside of it. In the name of art she would push people off of ledges, seduce them into following their bliss. She always knew that making things was good for people. The monster would be fed every lovely person on the planet. In the name of art she would throw a party. In the name of art she would have a ball.

Judge's Comments

Carmine Starnino: I like the conversational brio, the exuberant talkativeness, of the writing. The lines move at a grab-every-detail-and-riff-on-it imagination.

Dark Garden by Jennifer Blais

In a weed-scattered soul,
Sticky-thorned tendrils
Thread the trellis of a wooden heart.
Living leafy curtains
Shun the golden lifelight
Until the wood mosses and softens
And the leaking sap,
As it traces winding tear-paths
On the dusk-withered bark,
Traps the moths that flutter past -
New neighbors for the worms within.

Judge's Comments

Eric Ormsby: This is a nicely succinct poem with surprising language in almost every line. The compounds usually work very well, e.g., "sticky-thorned tendrils" or "dusk-withered bark." It ends with a little jolt that is at once wry and scary: "new neighbors for the worms within."



by Lukas Rieppel

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Participants requested

As part of a project at CRIM, we are currently undergoing a series of usability tests on applications involving automatic speech recognition and synthesis. We are looking for participants, men or women, whose mother tongue is English Canadian with a basic knowledge of spoken French. Must be 18 or older and must have used, at least several times, a cellular phone. The test will last about 1 hour. Each participant will receive a \$20.00 cash gift for participating.

If you are interested or know someone who might be, please contact Claude Chapdelaine by e-mail at cchapel@crim.ca, stating surname, name, phone number, age, sex, mother tongue and spoken second languages.

Honourable Mention

Poetry

Judge's Comments

Eric Ormsby: I like the use of rhyme here and the sense of something almost like a nursery rhyme but with a sinister nuance. There is a bantering quality that is effective. The ending falls off a bit but lines like "Sharpen the beak/with a molotov comb," give the poem a lift.

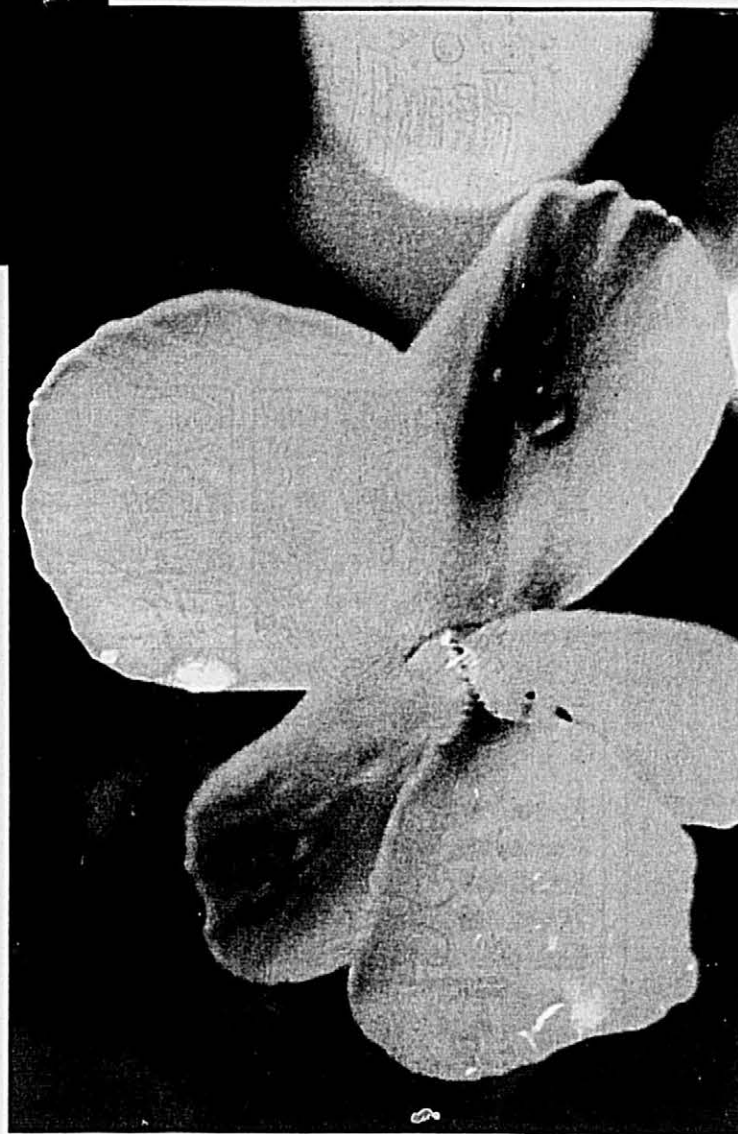


by Bartek Komorowski

Flight

by Eve Pickles

Ruffle the feathers
to permeate the flow.
Straighten the crest
of the wing, and let go.
Sharpen the beak
with a molotov comb,
peer into the eyes –
black indigo.
Balance the tail
on a cloudless sky.
Search for the horizon,
preparing to fly.
Jest with the bird!
Remind him to dance
with the fallen waves
and brass peaks above.
Fall back in transit
as the wings spread out,
don't blink in the sunshine,
don't try to cry out
don't jump to the sky
when you see him rotate.
Don't hesitate
to exhale with pride
as he flies to the stars
and vanishes from sight.





FUN FACTS ABOUT OUR FOUNDER

All right. We'll come clean. It's all been a joke. Sometimes it was a funny joke, sometimes an overdone joke. Nonetheless, for the last 36 issues, we have been blatantly and unapologetically making up a man's history. Here are the facts: W.E. Gladstone Murray founded The McGill Daily in 1911. He then went on to be the first chair of the CBC and worked at the League of Nations. That bit about him being a woman? False. Related to Jesus? Nope. The inspiration for *Some Like It Hot*? Uh-uh. Father of Anne Murray? No. Used comfort women? Inexact, though possible. Invented the thermos? Negative. Discovered dreadlocks? No way. The original master florist and blindfolded neurosurgeon? That was Osler. Creator of a race of androids shooting fire out of their steely red eyes and founder of Cleveland? We were running on empty there. Anyway, a salute to our founder and a fine end to 90 years of student journalism at The McGill Daily. As W.E. would say, "Pip! Pip!"

APRIL 5, 2001

McGILL DAILY Compendium 29

Baaa!

A Scene

BY J. KELLY NESTRUCK
Compendium Compiler

[Enter A & B]

A: God damn.

B: No way.

A: Impossible.

B: Absurd.

A: An affront to all that is good and decent.

B: An affront, indeed.

A: Horrendous.

B: I am experiencing a bout of apoplexy just thinking about it.

A: Sinister.

B: Deviant.

A: Frankly, disgusting.

B: An aberration.

A: Horrendous.

B: I am totally *sangfroid* at this hebetude.

A: A hegemony of hebetude.

B: Heebie-jeebies. I have the heebie-jeebies.

A: Such harlequinade.

B: Hellish!

A: Hideous.

B: Heresy.

A: Hereditarily hypocritical.

B: Everything has gone all higgledy-piggledy.

A: 'Tis hogwash!

B: Absolute hokum!

A: Too hoity-toity for the hoi polloi, eh?

B: Hateful!

A: Harum-scarum!

B: Homoerotic!

A: Homeopathy!

B: Homogeneous!

A: Back on track, here, for a moment.

Are you not amazed at the hostility?

B: Bewildered by the hospitality!

A: Truly, nothing but harmony!

B: Incredibly harmonious.

A: It is *kaute couture*.

B: They are headstrong.

A: Making headway...

B: Headlong to health.

A: A spiritual hedonism?

B: Such heavyweights!

A: Hearty souls!

B: Heavenly!

A: Oh so, wonderful...

B: Awesome.

A: Amazing.

B: I am dropping to my knees in anticipation.

A: I can't wait.

B: / can't wait!

A: Shall we go right now?

B: I wouldn't miss it for anything.

A: We are truly blessed.

B: Amen.

[Exeunt]

SCRAWLS by Various Comix Jammers



The comics on this page were produced by the artists at Casa del Popolo during a comix jam on March 28. On the last Wednesday of every month, cartoonists gather at the Casa (4873 St. Laurent) and jam until the wee hours of the night. The next one will be held during the Blue Metropolis Literary Festival (April 14 at Hotel des Gouverneurs, 14h-20h, 1415 Saint-Hubert).



The Daily's Weekly Canadian-Literary-Icons-Cooperating-to-Get-a-Car-Moving Photograph



This week: Author and Literary Contest Judge Andrew Pyper helps Margaret Atwood, alias Grease Monkey, push a car. Hoorah!

Next week: Robertson Davies helps Mordecai Richler change a tire. Stay Tuned!

When Canadian Journalists Go Bad

BY J. KELLY NESTRUCK
Compendium Paperclip

Building on Michael Enright's resounding success in his April Fool's joke pretending to interview Jimmy Carter on *This Morning*, we expect the rest of Canada's chattering classes to jump on the bandwagon. For those of you who missed the tomfoolery, Enright called an actor portraying Carter a "washed-up peanut farmer" while discussing lumber subsidies. It was so realistic that *The Globe and Mail* printed an article about it on the front page.

Here are excerpts from some upcoming fake interviews with former US Presidents done by famous Canadian journalists.



Reagan

NAOMI KLEIN INTERVIEWS RONALD REAGAN

Klein: Do you think you were elected and then re-elected for your policies and political prowess or because you created an appealing brand for yourself?

Reagan: (pause) I see here your book is called *No Logo*. No. Lo. Go.

Klein: You've got to get up pretty early in the morning to pull one over on you, eh?

Reagan: It's morning in America.

Klein: Aren't you dead yet?

Reagan: I can't recall.

ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM INTERVIEWS RICHARD NIXON

Foth: Richard Nixon. Can I call you Bitchard Fixin'?

Nixon: No.

Foth: You have rather big jowls. Are you aware of that?

Nixon: You should talk. Nice (expletive deleted) hat, nabob.

Foth: Could you please stop moving your jowls like that?

Nixon: This interview is over. You won't have me to kick around any more.



Nixon

JAN WONG HAS LUNCH WITH LBJ

Wong: Would you like some pepper, Johnson?

Johnson: I'll take your pepper, and put in my desk drawer.

Wong: I used to be a prestigious journalist. Witness how I have fallen.

Johnson: I empathize.

Wong: So, how many kids did you kill today?

Johnson: You have Tabasco sauce on your chin.

Wong: Racist.



Johnson

DAVID FRUM INTERVIEWS BILL CLINTON

Frum: You tried to govern as an old-fashioned Lyndon Johnson Democrat, raising taxes, calling for lavish grants to big cities for public transit and subsidized housing, and proposing a sweeping new system of national health insurance. Do you think it was this misreading of public opinion that cost your party the Congress in 1994?

Clinton: It depends what your definition of 'was' is.

Frum: I write speeches for Bush now.

Clinton: I ran for President for the same reason.

Frum: I really hate you.



Clinton

CLINTON: I know.

Frum: Not to mention the rest of your family.

Clinton: Ha, ha, ha. Your mother would be so proud.

Frum: Don't you waggle your finger at me.

AVI LEWIS INVITES GERALD FORD ON COUNTERSPIN

Lewis: Welcome Mr. Ford.

Ford: It's a pleasure to be here.

Lewis: Wait! Watch out for the boom mike! [crashing noises]

Ford: Betty!

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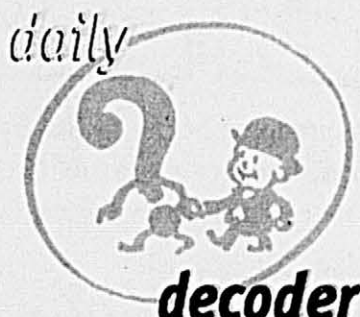
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BY IAN MCKELLAR
The McGill Daily

Tell me more about quack medicine!

Very well. One of the most egregious examples of medicinal quackery was the thousand year-long belief in the four humours of the human body.

The concept was first forwarded by the Salerno School of Medicine, an influential (crackpot) academy which flourished around 1000 A.D. The belief was this: just as the world contains four elements (fire, air, earth, water), so the human body contains four corresponding humours - blood (fire), yellow bile (air), phlegm (earth), and black bile (water). The health of a patient depended on the maintenance of a proper humoral balance. For example, "someone coughing up phlegm, which is cold earth, would need to ingest an excess of 'hot' foods, such as peppery foods or even animal blood, to counterbalance the cold."

The theory became more elaborate when the doctors at Salerno 'discovered' that each individual already had a "dom-

inant humour" which must be factored into any remedy. According to the experts, "an excess of black bile would create a 'melancholy' person (gloomy and solitary) while a 'sanguine' person had an excess of hot moist blood coursing through his veins." A doctor, therefore, would need to prescribe very specific treatments to restore a patient's proper 'humoral balance.' Notes medical historian James Ricci: "For several centuries, the professor of philosophy also held the chair of medicine." What that means, of course, is that successive generations of doctors spouted "utter nonsense in analyzing arcane humours."

This theory remained quite popular until 1858, when Rudolph Virchow authored *Cellular Pathology*, a book which promoted solid cells over semi-imaginary fluids.

Do you know what a Pet Rock is? I used to own a Pet Rock. I miss my Pet Rock! I am a rock!

Hmm. In 1975, California adman Gary Dahl was out drinking with his pals one night when the topic of pets came up in conversation. Dahl told his friends that he was sick of dogs, cats, fish, and birds. "They make a mess," he said, "they misbehave, and they cost too much money." His solution: a pet rock. It was the ideal pet, for it was "easy and cheap, and it had a great personality." The group started hashing out the idea, and soon an American fad was born.

Dahl wrote the Pet Rock Training

Manual over the next two weeks. The book contains step-by-step instructions for fostering a happy relationship with the pet. Highlights include "How to make your rock roll over and play dead," as well as "How to house-train your rock": "Place it on some old newspapers. The rock will never know what the paper is for and will require no further instruction." With every copy of the manual, Dahl supplied a real rock, which he shipped in a gift box shaped like a pet carrying case.

Pet Rock made its debut at the San Francisco Gift Show. Neiman-Marcus ordered 500, and soon *Newsweek* ran a half-page story showing Dahl surrounded by his rocks. Within a month, Dahl was shipping 10,000 Pet Rocks every day. He appeared on the *Tonight Show* twice. Dahl claimed that "each rock [is] individually tested for obedience at Rosarita Beach in Baja, Mexico, before being selected and boxed." One million rocks sold for \$3.95 each. Soon, imitators flooded the market, and Dahl's career was ruined.

According to professional fad doctor Ken Hakuta, such fads as the Pet Rock give people a brief moment of guiltless pleasure in an otherwise troubled world. Hakuta proposes his theory: "If there were more fads, there probably would be a lot fewer psychiatrists ... Instead of paying for \$100-an-hour therapy sessions, you could just get yourself a couple of Wacky Wallwalkers and a Slinky and lock yourself up in a room for a couple of hours. When you came out, you'd be fine." This from the guy who invented those weird bottom-of-cereal box sticky wall toys. He shouldn't be trusted.

Summer in the City

Laughing Matters

1,179,819 people attended 2,600 shows at the Just For Laughs Festival last year. Funny people abound in this city. And this festival boasts funny folks from around the world. So if you feel you need to laugh at someone, head on over to the Just For Laughs Festival. Or they're all gonna laugh at you!

Just for Laughs runs July 12-22 at various venues about town. For more information call 790-HAHA or go to www.bababa.com.



Visit their website and you may never sleep again

Hop on over to the Montreal Beer Festival

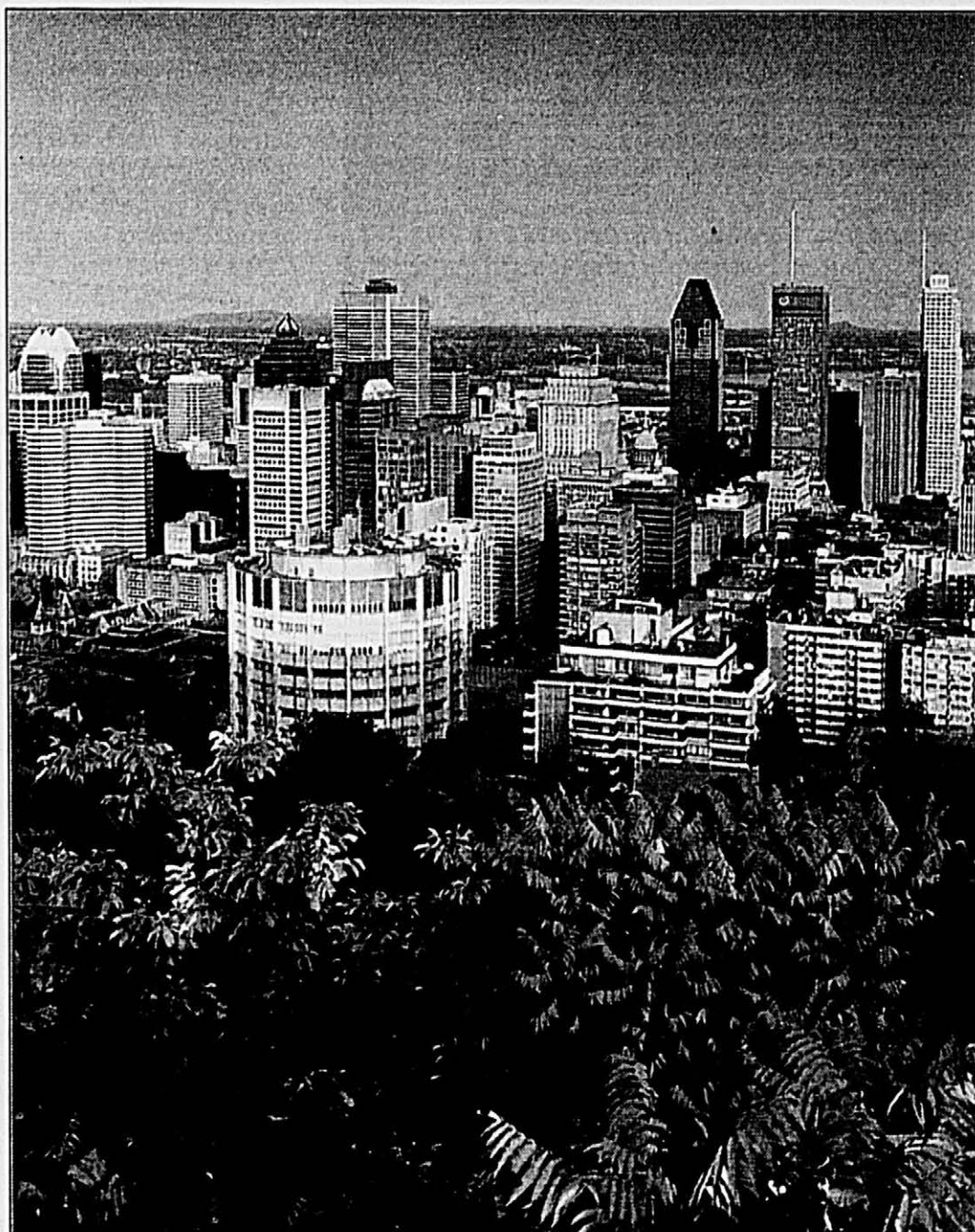
If there wasn't enough stuff brewing this summer, the Montreal Beer Festival will take place from June 14-23 at the Pier Jacques-Cartier in Old Montreal.

You will be able to sample over 250 beers, whiskeys and scotches, and live to tell the tales.

Aside from the Mondial Beer Competition, the fest will offer up beer workshops, numerous beer and cheese soirées and most importantly, home-brewing lessons for your personal edification.

This year's event will also include a 'Czechoslovakian Day,' with traditional dances and frothy European Beers.

For more info, see www.festival-mondialbiere.qc.ca



Le Jazz Hot

The International Jazz Fest is synonymous with summer in Montreal. The luxury of walking down the street and hearing some of the world's greatest musicians is an opportunity not to be missed.

This year's line-up seems certain to live up to the previous year's with B.B. King, the Joshua Redman Quartet, the Patricia Barber Trio, Dave Holland, Herbie Hancock, Patti Smith, and Bill Frisell to name just a few of the stellar performers set to grace our fair city's stages this summer.

The 22nd annual Jazz Fest is a mixture of free and un-free shows. While the 'big' performers may set you back a few clams, the free shows are not to be dismissed. During the drudgery that is winter, thoughts of warm summer afternoons spent listening to great music on the streets of Montreal may seem but a distant dream. Fortuitously, summer is upon us. Bring on the jazz.

For more information check out www.montrealjazzfest.com, or call 871-1881.



Festivals Everywhere:

African and Creole Film Festival

Apr. 19-29

Several Venues

INFO: 284-3322

Montreal Jewish Film Festival

May 3- May 10

Cinéma-thèque Québécoise and NEB

Montreal International Fireworks Competition

June 20-July 28

INFO: 1-800-797-4537

Canada Day Celebration

July 1, Place des Arts

Montreal International Dragon Boat Races

July 14

Sainte-Hélène's Island

Lesbian Celebration

July 28- Aug. 4

Le Village

INFO: 285-4011

Montreal Highland Games

Aug. 5

Douglas Hospital Grounds, Verdun

INFO: www.montrealhighlandgames.com

Notre Dame Island

INFO: 861-8241

Montreal International Celtic Festival

Aug. 10-12

Douglas Hospital Grounds, Verdun

INFO: 481-7408

Montreal World Film Festival

July 13-15

INFO: 861-8241

In Culture: Summer, Paper Clips, Equalizer, Strange Folks, Summer, Damon & Naomi, Andy Brown, Ann Coombs, More Summer and the Kitchen Sink Too.

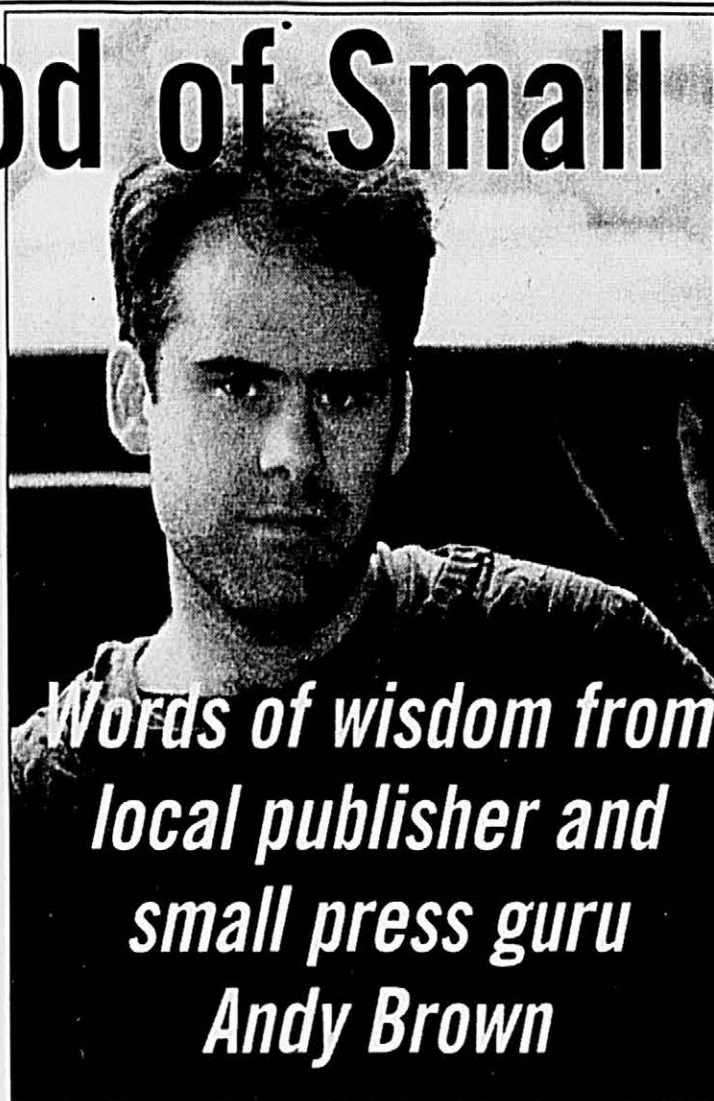
The God of Small Things

BY SARAH LAZAROVIC
The McGill Daily

Choosing a summer reading list is a careful and delicate process. Of the two hundred used paperbacks you've acquired during the course of the year, you may want to weed out a few based on bad cover design or ridiculous font sizes to make your pile a little more readable. And while your Chapter's-bought copy of *Tuesday's With Morrie* will thrust you into lovely conversations with anyone over 40, it is Montreal's smallest presses that purvey the more eclectic stuff on the shelves. Local publisher and author Andy Brown is the force behind Conundrum, one of Montreal's small but snazzy publishing enterprises. On Sunday I sat down with Brown to discuss all things bookish. I walked away with a much more nuanced appreciation of small presses and the charming chapbooks they churn out.

In 1996 Andy Brown founded Conundrum Press. Devoted to publishing diverse and unconventional writing and art, Brown and Conundrum have become a vibrant force in the boundless world of books. As a Concordia master's student in English, Brown began by publishing the work of his then roommate, Catherine Kidd. "When I first started, I didn't know what the hell I was doing," says Brown. But Brown taught himself rather quickly, as subsequent book projects have proven.

According to Brown, the independent press philosophy is that of making quality objects considered deserving simply because they contain something interesting and worthwhile, though that can mean anything. That said, Conundrum's works are as diverse as they come. While Kidd's book has an accompanying soundtrack, Dana Bath's collection of stories, *What Might Have Been Ruin*, is printed on poster-size blueprints and comes in an envelope. Then there are the one-dollar chapbooks, slightly raunchy comic books, and 'real' (read: meets all the



Canada Council requirements for status as a book) tomes too. Perhaps most notable is Lance Blomgren's *Walkups*, a well-received collection of insights about the strange spaces we Montrealers inhabit.

Books published by Conundrum have a beautiful, almost keepsake feel to them. But these diminutive pieces of art manage to appear homemade and individual, without being shoddy or amateur. If the books were music, they'd be more akin to a quality indie label product than a 4-track garage set-up. This is because each book, as is the case with most small presses, is a patient collaboration between the author, Brown, and Brown's credit card. Small presses rarely turn a profit because their chief aim is to spread the word, literally. Brown stresses the importance of independence in the process. As public funding takes away from the freedom of the press, small publishers use their own funds to get

the job done. Committing your credit card to a project is par for the course for Brown. Luckily, he manages to break even most of the time.

Aside from risking his credit line on any project he takes on, Brown also adds other aspects to the design process. He designs each book with the aim of making it individual. Among the samples of his work Brown has spread across the table, none are even remotely similar. In fact, there is little to distinguish them as Conundrum publications beyond the submerging swimmer that is their logo.

"In Montreal, there's more of this isolationist feeling, that of working in a minority language. There are a lot of talented artists here of all kinds, and it is much more open to these genre-bending sorts of things. People doing comics can also write poetry," said Brown. This personal view may also fuel

Brown's desire to "treat publishing as a multi-disciplinary art form."

A myriad of anglo-alternative presses have also helped to shape Montreal's lively lit community and inspire people like Andy Brown. "I look to Vehicule Press who was basically doing what I did in the 70s. They had a gallery downtown and they had their own printing press and Simon Dardick just ran the press. They would have people like Michael Ondaatje performing in the gallery and they'd just be running off the chapbooks and selling them right there. They just kept building and now they're one of Montreal's most established publishers," Brown said.

More importantly, Brown is impressed with the cohesiveness of the Montreal community, where people are always collaborating with each other on projects. Brown himself is presently working at the recently launched magazine, *Matrix*. This is all part of Brown's vision of artists who publish not only their own work, but the work of others as well.

An important role played by small presses is that of supporting unpublished writers. With this in mind, fellow independent Cumulus Press set out to create an anthology for budding young poets. The nineteen poets whose words grace the pages of *Running With Scissors* are all under 24. In a reversal of traditional roles, Cumulus Press will also place an unbound volume of work by established poet George Elliot Clarke inside the cover, effectively switching the conventional notions of who gets published where.

Brown's next project, *Impure: Reinventing the Word*, will be an oral history of spoken word in Montreal. Authors Vincent Tinguely and Victoria Stanton have interviewed 70 French and English artists, culling together a comprehensive and academic discussion of the tradition. "It's a real cultural document," Brown claims.

In the end, Brown finds that the existence of small presses is positive in more ways than one. Aside from publishing titles, the knowl-

Alternative Summer Reading

The following stores offer an eclectic array of local writing:

Fichtré
436 de Bienville
844-9550

Fichtré carries a wide variety of local zines and comics.

Monastiraki
5478 St. Laurent
278-4879

The Word
469 Milton
845-5640

The Word carries most of Conundrum's publications.

Walkups, by Lance Blomgren is available at bookstores throughout Montreal.

Also, Montreal has become a Zine hotbed of late. **Vallum**, (a magazine of new poetry) **Katsup** (comics), **Matrix** (a newstand glossy) are just a few to check out.

edge that a forum for one's work exists can be a great impetus to create. He stresses the importance of knowing there are places and audiences that will be receptive to your work. "Because they (independent presses) exist, you sit down and write exactly what you want to write."

Brown's vision of a flourishing local lit community might seem endearingly utopian, but, dear readers, it does exist. It may take a bit more work to seek out the books you want to read from the surfeit of local offerings, but your efforts will be well worth it.

For more information about Conundrum, check out www.netrover.co/~atone/

Writers Descend on Montreal

Blue Metropolis boasts a bevy of bookish banter

BY JONATHAN MONTPETIT
The McGill Daily

As the Blue Metropolis Festival heads into its third year, it is rapidly becoming one the perennial literary events in Canada, and possibly North America. And the slate this year will only increase its stature. With writers representing over five different languages from countries as diverse as Chile and India, it promises for an eclectic couple of days.

Established as part of the Blue Metropolis Foundation, the festival raises funds for the non-profit organization. Founded in 1997, it helps promote educa-

tion in literature, and the arts in general. The festival itself consists of a series of lectures, workshops, and readings, all of which are open to the public.

The festival will begin with a ceremony on April 11th, where acclaimed American novelist and journalist Norman Mailer will be presented with the BlueMetropolis International Literary Prize. Highly regarded for his World War II novel, *The Naked and the Dead* along other works such as *The Executioners Song*, Mailer will be interviewed on stage following the ceremony. Other notable authors who will be in attendance include Michael Ondaatje, Alberto Manguel, Britain's Margaret

Drabble, and Algeria's Assia Djebar.

The theme for this year's festival is *New Worlds and Old*, designed to echo the abundance of different voices that will be present. The title event, *Writers of the Americas*, will feature presentations from prominent literary figures both north and south of the equator. Among them is renowned Chilean critic and novelist Jorge Edwards, who along with friend Pablo Neruda, was exiled from his country following the Pinochet coup of 1973.

Poetry will be thrust into the limelight with the presentation of the inaugural short-list for the Griffin Poetry Prize. The lucrative award will see \$40,000 go to the

winner in each of the two categories, one recognizing a Canadian, and one recognizing an international poet. The prize, which is to be awarded annually, was designed by its benefactor, Scott Griffin, to remove some of the obscurity surrounding poetry. Indeed, the festival will see a slew of reputable poets, both from Montreal and abroad, take the stage. In a series of three 'Sorée de Poésie', poets of all different tongues will perform. The famous 'undertaker' poet, David Lynch, and Robin Robertson, Scotland's rising star, are scheduled to appear alongside such Montreal talent as Ian Ferrier, Carmine Starnino, and McGill's own Eric Ormsby.

The festival is sure to provide a dynamic atmosphere with attendees from all over the world. It is an occasion for Montreal's two solitudes to come together and celebrate achievement in literature. With such conviviality its no wonder that Blue Metropolis is becoming as successful as the writers it celebrates.

The Blue Metropolis International Literary Festival runs from April 11th to 16th, taking place at the Hotel des Gouverneurs. For tickets call 844-2172. For a list of the many events, many not listed in this article, check the website at www.blue-met-bleu.com

Summer in the City

Honourable Men

McGill theatre class does Brecht proud

By JON AGES
Culture Writer

Famous German playwright and director Bertolt Brecht once had an actor reveal his manhood to the audience only to douse the stage with urine.

Although the McGill theatre lab class interpretation of Brecht's *Mann ist Mann* may not have left as striking an impression as an actor emptying his bladder, their production of *one man is another man* still proves highly entertaining. Rich with energy and infused with a blend of slapstick humour and sophisticated wit, I was fully entertained, not to mention content in knowing that the only scene involving the exposure of masculine flesh took place off stage.

Myrna Wyatt Selkirk directs this season's mainstage production, starring David Greenwood, Simon Phillips, Laura Quinn, Greta Papageorgiu, and the rest of the McGill Theatre Lab class. Combining Brechtian Epic theatre and Commedia dell'arte, the play follows Gayle Gay's (David Greenwood) metamorphosis.

Waking up in the middle of the night, the simple porter leaves his wife at home while

he goes to the market to grudgingly purchase an unsavoury fish. Stumbling into a British Machine Gun Unit called The Scum, he is recruited into their bandit group. Initiating him with excessive amounts of alcohol and the scantily clad women of a chintzy brothel, they transform him into another man. Presented initially as a fumbling, flaccid civilian, Galy Gay changes into a stalwart Rambo-esque military killer with an oversized machine gun at his hip.

Bridging Brecht's epic theatre and Marxist ideology with the Commedia dell'arte movement, Selkirk provides amusing insight into today's corporate society. She injects the play with a contemporary relevance, by suggesting consumerism as the only true Western religion. Turning a Pagoda into a lucrative tourist attraction, a businessman showcases a drunken gunman as a god. Luring camera toting customers, he calls, "Come and see the east, but do not forget the collection plate, because as Confucius says, 'even a god must eat!'"

Despite some weak points, the actors add a great deal of enthusiasm to the wry, sardonic script. With Laura Quinn's seductive presence as the MC, we barely notice the set changing



No men in sight

behind her while she undresses on stage. (She successfully sustains our attention throughout the play's many twists and turns.) Greta Papageorgiu is riveting as the sultry and erotic prostitute leader, Widow Leocadia Begbick. Portraying an intelligent, independent, and powerful woman, she yields a complex sexuality. Reed Hilton resembles closely Charlie Chaplin's comedic stylings in his portrayal of the clumsy Jesse Mahoney. Simon Phillips is hilarious in his interpretation of Charles Fairchild. Marching in a manner reminiscent of Hitler, he portrays a vile sex machine who's impotent with his pistol. The play's most noticeable weakness is David Greenwood's lackluster performance of Gay. Physically, he matches the scraggly Gay, but his inconsistent energy detracts from an otherwise tight production.

Adapting Brecht's script, the Theatre Lab Class presents a witty and enjoyable production of *one Man is another Man*. The eye candy of lingerie clad women with top hats might single-handedly validate the price of admission. Fortunately, the stage stays dry.

one man is another man runs until April 7th. Shows are at 8:00 pm, regular admission is \$12, \$6 for students.

Summer Flicks, Random Picks

By EMILY JOHNSON
The McGill Daily

What are summers for but sitting on the beach, reading, swimming, or just wandering around. That's the idea at least. But once summer comes you remember that it is filled with swarthy days when you can't move from the heat. This is the one and only reason to explain the existence of summer movies. We don't much care what we see, it's the air conditioning we want.

The summer when *Phantom Menace* came out, I think I went to see one movie the whole time. That one, I was dragged to. *Deep Impact*. What a dumb name. It should've been 20 minutes long. The movie starring the colossal wave, packs as many character actors onscreen as they could grab. And then can't get anyone better than Tea Leoni. And who decided to make action flicks with everybody dying at the end? Such a cop-out. Trying to be all deep. Can you imagine Steve McQueen and Paul Newman getting stuck at the end of *Towering Inferno*? But now we've got this existential-type humour that allows us to laugh at ourselves as a species, and find death really amusing. I sure was happy when Tea's upturned gaze was washed out by the wave.

Well, I tried to fake it, but I know very little about this year's

new round of blockbusters. You know, maybe you'll see *Josie and the Bussycats*, maybe *Blow*, whatever. Summer for me is a good time to catch up on those movies I should've seen. *Dr. Strangelove*, *Blue Velvet*, *Trekkies*, *Fritz the Cat*, *UHF*, *London Kills Me*, *Harold and Maude*. My motive for writing is to aid people in the selection process. There is so much more than just the new releases. There are those nights when you come home exhausted from playing all day, and the wind begins to come on, and the breezes from the lake cool the air, and you feel like watching a fun, crazy, stylized gangster flick like *The Sting*, or the cloudy, dizzy turns of *Chinatown* or *Body Heat*. Basically, anything set in New Orleans, or starring Ellen Barkin. Alfred Hitchcock. Polanski. *Rosemary's Baby*. *Three Days of the Condor*.

But my specialty is surely odd-ball movies. My dad started it, I think, when he made me watch *Elephant Man* and *2001: A Space Odyssey* when I was 10. One film he recommended was *Blow-Up* (Antonioni), which centers around a single photograph which by chance has become evidence to murder. *The Pillow Book* (Greenaway) is another strange one, in which a woman is obsessed with drawing calligraphy on her lovers' bodies. Films like this are intriguing; there is some

point being made about the medium of film, of art, through that medium. Usually I don't "get" it, but the best films are the ones which remain mysteries.

The best film I've seen in the last couple years was *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. From the 60s, the movie documents a field trip of an English girls' boarding school to Hanging Rock, and a mystery that begins there. This film seems no less and no more than it is, and yet its experience was transformative: you get it without having to fully understand it. It changes the way you look at the world. The closest thing to it in recent years was *The Virgin Suicides*, another good but not fully realized film about the life of girls. Both movies maintain a formal distance from the subject, but where *Suicides* is frustrating in its obscurity, *Picnic* makes the distance palpable.

"Just bury your head in the sand and wait for your fucking prom." The Parc has just the thing for spring this month. *Fast Times*, *Breakfast Club*, *Dazed and Confused*, otherwise known as the movies that are always out at the videostore. (I think someone stole the *Life of Brian* from Blockbuster.) There's nothing to toast summer like a flashback to high school, the wonderful feeling of laughing at it, and of missing the times you had nothing to do but hang out and get high with friends. And

not one bit like college. For all the *Happiness* fans out there, (I know you exist,) and even some of the naysayers, Todd Solondz' first movie, *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, is pure satire, and vastly under-seen and underappreciated. You'll either laugh or cry. I saw this with a friend when it came out, and we were the only people in the theater laughing. But we were literally falling off our seats laughing.

Other good ones not being screened at Parc are *Slacker* (Linklater), *Metropolitan* (Stillman), *Day Trippers*, *Get Real*, *The Ren and Stimpy Movie* (just kidding; I wish that existed). If you're in for unrepentant weirdness, try *Liquid Sky*, *Schizopolis* (Soderbergh), *Xentropa* (Von Trier), *Barton Fink* (Coen). For nasty humour, see *Desperate Living* (Waters) and *Killer Condom* (they actually have this at Blockbuster).

Some random gems: *East is East*, *Citizen X*, *Asphalt Jungle* ("I'm on the lam and packing heat"), *Impromptu*, and *Medusa*, Julie Brown's spoof of Madonna: Truth or Dare, featuring "Vague": "Wilson Phillips like to sing and wreck the cover of a magazine." Okay, that one's kind of a guilty pleasure. And, in fond remembrance of Jason Robards, who died in December, everyone should see *A Thousand Clowns*, which

also espouses, very aptly for those of us graduating, being an iconoclast and not working for the man.

And now, completely gratuitously, here are my top five comedies of all time:

1. *Waiting for Guffman*: "Some people find it ironical that although we're travel agents we've never left Blaine."

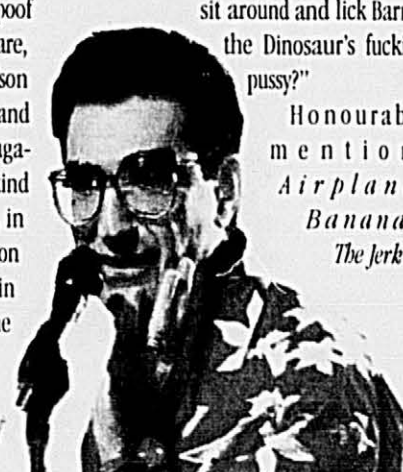
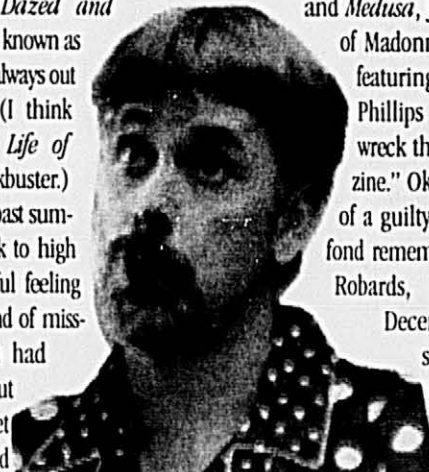
2. Monty Python's *The Holy Grail*: "Now go away you silly king, or I will taunt you a second time."

3. *Raising Arizona*: "Well, which is it young feller? You want I should freeze or get down on the ground? Mean to say, if I freeze, I can't rightly drop. And if I drop, I'm gonna be in motion."

4. *The Naked Gun*: "She was a musician. It's funny, but I don't remember her playing an instrument. I gave her a harp for Christmas. She asked me what it was."

5. *South Park*: "What do you think this is, kiddie play-hour where we all sit around and lick Barney the Dinosaur's fucking pussy?"

Honourable mention:
Airplane,
Bananas,
The Jerk



Summer in the City

New Deal: Always a Work in Progress

In conversation with the Toronto rock-

BY JOHN ORTVED
The McGill Daily

Watching The New Deal warm up is an odd pleasure, like being invited to join a hot couple in a three-way; you feel privileged, but also a little naughty. When I've seen The New Deal live, it's been amidst dance floors crammed with people. So standing there, in the middle of an empty concert hall as they sound-checked, I felt a little like the last buffalo, alone and a special witness to what was about to take place.

After sound check, Jamie Shields, their keyboardist, sat down and politely and patiently answered my questions. He then went to lunch.

McGill Daily: Since you were last here, you've been signed to a major record label (Jive), what's changed between then and now?

Jamie Shields: Not much. We've been given the freedom to lay albums down the way we want. We now record each show live on multi-track and bring it into a home studio.

MD: As you've progressed, what elements of your music have been augmented, what has come into the forefront and what has taken a backseat?

JS: Through Jive we're releasing a promo EP for DJ's that was just pressed. For that, the songs have gone from 15 to 7 minutes, making them easier to spin.

We were shifting to trance for a while, but now we're playing more break-beats.

MD: How has the fan base changed?

JS: Gotten bigger. The fans aren't necessarily into one category of our music. I don't know that much about electronic music and a lot of our crowd is the same. So you get people into jam-band type music, people who aren't necessarily into dancing, getting exposed to dance music and then the vice-versa as well.

MD: You recently played a preview for The Toronto Jazz Festival?

JS: We've played jazz festivals before. We played in Toronto with Nick Holder. Our crowd is a lot younger than the audiences who turn out for jazz concerts, so you have a younger audience being added to the mix and getting turned on to jazz.

MD: As far as your careers with The New Deal go, is this the best place you could be right now? Where, if anywhere, would you like to be a year from now?

JS: We're progressing at light speed right now. This kind of response to twenty minute songs without vocals, you can't expect more. Our philosophy has always been, "If you build it, they will come." We've been building and working really hard and people are saying, "We like it."

MD: I'm making a movie about

kung-fu and break-dancing, do you guys want to be involved?

JS: Darren breaks; he's really good.

M.D.: You're at the end of a North American tour, at this point is it like, "Shit, we have to perform tonight," or is it, "Shit (positively)! We have a gig tonight."

JS: Performing is the only good part about being on tour. The best part of the day is the two hours you're playing.

MD: You reading anything cool?

JS: I just finished *Beneath the Underdog* a biography of Charles Mingus, for the second time.

MD: What bands are y'all into?



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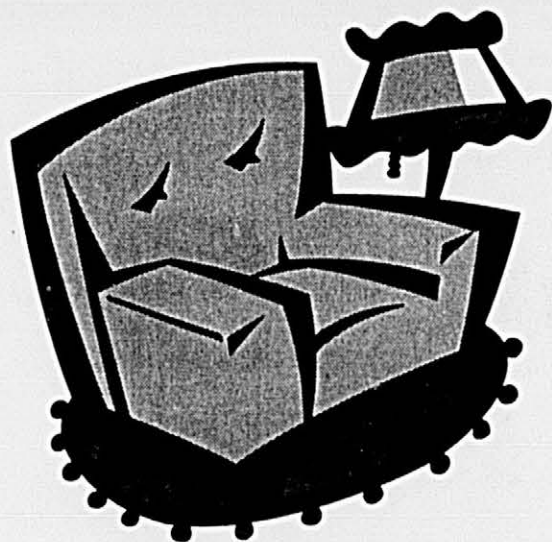
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Working Without the Sweat

Ann Coombs looks at ways to make the workplace more enjoyable

BY CHRIS Cwynar
Culture Writer

As I was leaving my interview with Ann Coombs, I couldn't help but think of her within the context of the upcoming FTAA summit in Quebec City. You see, while much attention is being paid to the tendency of global entities to uphold the rights of multinational corporations over those of the poor and destitute, Coombs has turned her attention towards those who suffer from within the corporations themselves.

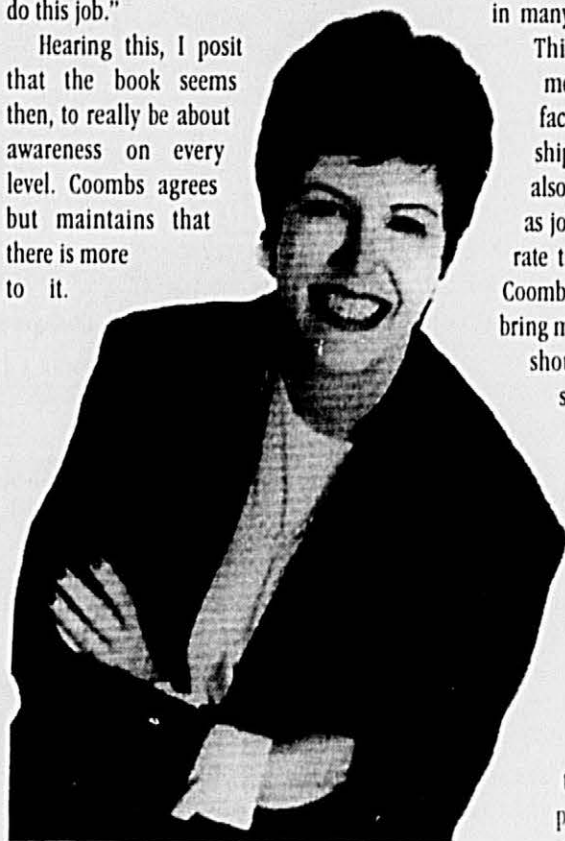
In her new book, *The Living Workplace*, the acclaimed futurist and now best-selling author, Coombs focuses on the working conditions within multi-national companies. She is intent on developing the workplace of the future as a more positive and productive environment. As I discovered over the course of our animated conversation, it all begins with investment in human resources and impassioned one-on-one interaction.

Admittedly, her and I come from different backgrounds. I am a scruffy, unkempt, something-less-than-professional university student sitting across from an accomplished Canadian business thinker, nineteen floors above Rene Levesque Blvd in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. Coombs, however, doesn't see these differences as impediments.

"What I am suggesting to you is that, as you and I meet, your expertise and my expertise come together. You're Gen X, I'm a baby boomer. I suggest to you that those values are coming into play more and more where it is about truth, compassion, respect and regard for people within the environment that they meet and communicate in."

Coombs reminds me that the book is also about concepts that can be extrapolated to fit any work-related human interaction. She continues, "it isn't just the workplace; it is in that environment where there should be no concern, whatsoever, about you meeting somebody who respects the fact that you met some challenges in being able to do this job."

Hearing this, I posit that the book seems then, to really be about awareness on every level. Coombs agrees but maintains that there is more to it.



Ann Coombs: bringing spirituality to the workplace

"The premise of the book is to bring people's awareness to the reality that the workplace environment is for most people toxic, and I don't mean chemical. I'm talking about abusive environments that are suffering from absenteeism, lethargy; environments that

make people constantly depressed because they are being subjected to even harassment and prejudice."

Coombs is suggesting that these sorts of environments are entirely unproductive and that, if corporations are to sustain themselves, they must create working environments that are, in her words, "respectful, regarding, caring and, in many ways, even loving."

This positive environment is tied to personal factors such as relationships and autonomy but also to larger issues such as job security and corporate trust. "After all," says Coombs, "if I'm going to bring my values to work, why should I go work for somebody that really doesn't probably care an awful lot?"

The point is that if Corporate Canada is going to continue to insist that people bring their souls and values to work, they must ensure a positive working environment for their employees.

Coombs brings this emphatic message to our country's corporate sector, but she is adamant that her ideas apply to other sectors as well. Conscious of her audience, she holds that

her job security observations fit the world of academia with regard to the feeling of "when does my job collapse?" She asks, "What happens if I don't get tenure? I don't get published? What happens if I get my degree and the field that I am going into is under a huge crunch, geology for example?" She maintains that, "in the new world of globalization and global DNA, success has become a lot more transient. The number of jobs or careers that one has over the course of life has increased." Coombs believes that this will lead to a situation in which "lifelong learning" becomes prevalent in our society.

"From an educational point of view, the system is going to radically change in order to accommodate that. It isn't going to be just educating students in the way that we imagined but universities are going to start accommodating this lifelong learning."

Coombs and I have by now finished our bottled waters and, though I would like to press her some more about the future of entrepreneurship, I am aware

that she has a book launch to attend in an hour. We thank each other profusely for our respective investments of time and, as I descend the great glass elevator to street level, I can't help thinking that Ann Coombs' passion and interest managed to turn what can often be an overtly political act of mutual opportunity into a genuine communion of thoughts and ideas between two disparate people with very different perspectives. That, I thought to myself, is the real message behind *The Living Workplace* and its prescription for the sustainable working environment of the future.

Ann Coombs' new book The Living Workplace: Soul, Spirit, and Success in the 21st Century is available in most bookstores.

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Not Quite the Dregs

Skrape keeps it clean in quest of heavy metal glory

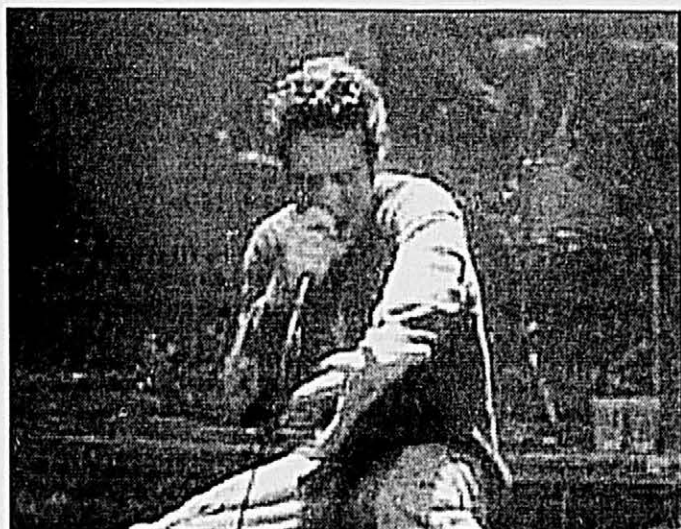
BY ALYSSA RASHBAUM
Culture reporter

The same sunny southern city that has hatched such generic bands as The Backstreet Boys, has finally laid a golden egg. Billy Keeton, Will Hunt, Brian Milner, Pete Sison, and Michael Lynchard are metal band Skrape of Orlando, Florida, currently breaking into the hard-rock scene with edgy tunes and a skanky thumb on the cover of their debut album, *New Killer America*. Intrigued?

Formed in the late '90s, Skrape is an anomaly in the music industry. Musically, they're hard-edged angry metal. Lyrically, they hail straight from Disneyworld. Lead singer Billy Keeton explains: "We're a heavy band, but we try to view life and people positively," to which drummer Will Hunt adds: "It seems like a lot of today's harder edged bands are crying the blues, this 'everything sucks' thing. Screw that! Everybody's fucked up. We say, 'Get up! Make a difference in your own life! Don't feel sorry for yourself. Do something about it.'"



The controversial album cover



Lead singer Billy Keeton reaching out to the crowd

This stay-positive attitude may be a direct result of 80s metal bands. They cite the likes of AC/DC, Skid Row and Pantera as their strongest influences. All bands that they were dedicated to making music, and never about the violence. Skrape has taken that attitude and modernized it, with resonant guitar riffs and harsh vocals. And musically, Skrape is damn happy with the sound they have now. Keeton expresses, "We want to stay exactly like we are. We don't want to change a thing. We want to grow, and just progress, basically building a foundation on the sound that we have and the record that we made. I can guarantee that the next record will be an incredible continuation on what we've accomplished on this record most definitely."

Skrape's single "Waste" is getting rotation on radio stations across Canada and the US, and they have recently played shows with metal band Disturbed. After investing for years in quality demos instead of recording their CD, Skrape signed to uber-label RCA/BMG, leaving underground music fans to muse angrily

over whether or not Skrape has sold-out. For Keeton, nothing could be farther from the truth. "Fame for us is almost nonexistent," he says. "We're just doing what we've always wanted to do. We're all really down-to-earth individuals that have worked really hard in our personal lives. Basically, this is just a chance to get out there and show what we can do, and if

fame is the reward for it, you know, hey, we'll accept it with open arms but we're not going to dwell on it."

As for the skanky thumb on the cover, Keeton was fairly close-lipped. Apparently, the thumb belongs to a man who works for their record label whose friends have been trying for years to get it on an album cover. Lucky for him, sunny Orlando band Skrape is just edgy enough to help him out.

For more information on Skrape (yes, with a "k") visit: www.SKRAPE.com. To be uplifted, pick up *New Killer America*, available at your local record store.

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TEXT AND PHOTOS BY LUKAS RIEPPEL



Diane Borsato, a graduate student in Concordia University's Fine Arts department had her MFA show at Skol Galleries on St. Catherine St. on Mar. 31. The project was to beat the world record for the longest paper clip chain. The entire gallery and most of the hallways were filled with dedicated Concordia students and friends avidly connecting paper clips. The mood was playful and relaxed. It would have been much more interesting had the participants been sitting in a confined area for an extended period of time without sleep. Then, one would have been able to observe how the dynamics and communication of their relationships changed. Instead, however, they unfortunately were under no pressure to remain in the gallery the entire time without taking any breaks. Although it was somewhat interesting to see how these people passed their time while working, in the end, the project seemed to be all about just making a really long paper clip chain.

OFF THE DARKROOM FLOOR

by Brie O'Keefe



"Across the Street from my House"

These Weirdos Can Jam

BY ADAM ROSENBLOOM
Culture Writer

Jam is different. Jam is diverse. Jam is unlike anything else. Jam could only be described as a rich palette of sounds and textures that share a collective penchant for improvisation. Above all, though, it is the subtle things that make it so different. For example, jam doesn't sound good; it feels good.

Likewise, Strangefolk doesn't sound good, they feel good. They smell good, like the spices of a grassy pine forest, ripe and fertile for the spring. Their show at the Cabaret on March 30 conjured up the images of misty pastoral

fields in Stowe, Vermont. Oh, and the fact that everyone at the show went to University of Vermont helped a lot as well. Though the Montreal contingent was small, the audience still numbered around 300.

Formed in 1992 at the University of Vermont, Jon Trafton (vocals, lead guitar), Erik Glocklear



(vocals, bass guitar), Luke Smith (drums), Scott Shdeed (keyboards), and Luke Montgomery (vocals, rhythm guitar) have been quietly building a reputation as the second-best jam-

band from Vermont. Riding atop a noodle of acoustic-electric, folk-rock, Strangefolk provides an outlet for those still interested in the art of songwriting. The eclectic mix of acoustic rhythms and light guitar leads describes the strange type of folk music that is Strangefolk. With such a solid fan base for nine years, you would never guess Strangefolk is in a transition.

Strangefolk began as a duo in 1991 with Trafton and singer-songwriter Reid Genauer and quickly picked up Smith and Glocklear within a year. The band has since built a national grass-roots following based on the strength of two studio CD releases (*Love and Weightless in Winter*) as well as a rigorous touring schedule. It was in the

summer of 1999 though that the quartet inauspiciously fused.

Soon after the completion of the band's first album, band co-founder Reid Genauer announced he was leaving the group to enter graduate school. There were fears that Strangefolk's performance with Genauer at its annual Garden of Eden festival might well be the last by the group.

Given all the uncertainty, it's a true testament to Strangefolk's mainstay that the new album is receiving such acclaim. It's considered much more rich and textured than their previous endeavours, adding old friend Gordon Stone for banjo and pedal steel. But most are concerned with Strangefolk's new live sound, one that incor-

portates Montgomery and Shdeed. Worries abated as it became apparent that the band's performance never missed a beat.

Trafton told Jambands.com's Dean Budnick in January "the addition of the keyboard (Scott Shdeed) makes the sound a little bigger. For me it makes it easier to lay back and not play so hard, to let the music flow a little more. He's a lot of the glue I used to try to be. Luke (Montgomery) is such a great guitar player that we push each other and have fun with it. The interplay is also inspiring and it's exciting to share some of the responsibilities in playing the leads. Luke and I both speak the same language. It's like we both graduated from the same guitar school."

The mutual awareness was certainly apparent on stage. Most notable were favorites "Keep on Growing" to end the first set and "...As" for an encore. Ultimately, it was most evident that the band was as happy to be there as the audience, teasing Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Freebird," and playing the Juicy Fruit theme song, Renaissance's "Electric Avenue," and the popular Dead cover "Dark Hollow."

Whatever hasn't killed Strangefolk has only made it stronger. A fresh outlook on the music has only served to heighten their appeal. So long as there is grass to dance on, the light sounds of Strangefolk will remain.

The Band Who Cried Wolf

Daily writer tries to get the goods on Equalizer's last show

BY ALYSSA RASHBAUM
Culture Writer

After nearly three years of making music, reggae band Equalizer is breaking up. They will play their final show (yes, really the final show this time) at Spectrum on April 6. Why, you ask, would a group with such potential for greatness disband on the verge of fame? I myself wondered the same thing. Unfortunately, Equalizer was unavailable for comment. Let's see if we can figure it out for ourselves, shall we?

Formed in the fall of 1998, Equalizer is a family affair. The seven-member group is composed of Velan brothers Mike, Chris, and Nick; Murray brothers Michael and Raymond; and unattached members Jonathan Shykofsky and Sacha "Liquid Lewis" Dymtruk. The music is basically reggae, but is infused with elements of hip-hop, jungle, jazz, and roots.

Easily the most notable aspect of the band is lead singer Mike Velan's vocals that have a strong island sound, despite the fact that he is a born-and-raised Montrealer. Velan's vocals, teamed with the unique horn sounds of the Murray brothers, help Equalizer stand out amongst the slew of reggae bands. This



original and distinctive sound has earned the band incredible performing opportunities. They have opened for Andrew Tosh, son of reggae legend Peter; ex-Black

Uhuru member Michael Rose; and Burning Spear. The band's perseverant quest to pull people into the groove led Equalizer to self-release their album

"Rise." At last count, the boys had sold a groundbreaking 1000 copies via word of mouth.

Equalizer is a true Montreal band.

From their debut show in March of 1999, they have played 31 shows within the boundaries of Montreal, at venues like Q-Stix, Jello Bar, Le Swimming, and even the Shatner Ballroom. Now, after just over a year of performing, Equalizer will attempt to "rise" the audience for the last time at Spectrum on April 6, with special guest DJ Dubline. Since they missed their scheduled interview, we are forced to speculate over why a band with such heart and commitment to making influential music would disband now, when their potential is clear. Maybe the older members of the band (in their 30s) have decided it's time to move on. Maybe no one was rising "when the people get down," as the band tells listeners to do. Maybe the pressures of fame and the burden of being recognized at Metro is too much for these grounded reggae stars. Regardless, Montreal will miss their unique reggae stylings. Pick up their album, go see their last show, but don't try to schedule an interview.

(Note: The Spectrum hosts what I assure you is their final show on April 6th). To learn more about Equalizer, visit www.Equalizer.ca. Their album, *Rise* is available now.

Damon & Naomi Rock The Casa

Eclectic rock couple weave lilting melodies and publish experimental literature



The übercouple

BY PATRICK GUYER
Culture Writer

Living legends of indie rock Damon Krukowski and Naomi Yang paid a visit to Montreal's Casa Del Popolo last Monday. The show marked the end of their Canadian tour in support of their most recent LP, *Damon & Naomi with Ghost*.

Once the former rhythm section of the seminal late-80's band Galaxie 500, this husband and wife team has played as a duo since that band's breakup. In doing so, they have cultivated their uniquely academic brand of lovely indie music which incorporates the dreamy rock sensibilities of their Galaxie 500 days with a new-found element of melodic 60's-style folk music. Besides both being lovers and great musicians, Damon & Naomi are big fans of avant-garde literature and split their time between music-making and the running of Exact Change, their publishing company. Exact Change keeps works of experimental literature by authors such as John Cage, Salvador Dali, Franz Kafka, Gertrude Stein and others in print in North America.

Following a positively spooky set of introspective pop music by local favourite Frankie Spero, Damon & Naomi took the stage and charmed all present with an hour of acoustic guitars, cool antique organs, Naomi's signature meandering bass, and more than a few memorable stories. It was the kind of show where no one wants to be the first to clap when a song ends for fear of wrecking the delicate and

beautiful spell cast by the music. The perfect modern Bohemians, Damon & Naomi were artistic but not pretentious, scholarly but not boring, and sentimental without being cheesy. Plus, they were cool enough to grant this Daily reporter a quick interview before their set:

The McGill Daily: Would this be your tenth year playing as Damon & Naomi?

DK: Well, we don't think of it that way...

NY: It's not like we've been doing it continuously for ten years...

DK: We just do this sometimes...

NY: It's really sort of our fourth year if you count by the record.

MD: I wanted to ask you about one of your other projects, that being the Exact Change publishing house. What was the inspiration for founding Exact Change and how has it been going so far?

NY: We started it while we were still in Galaxie 500. We were also in graduate school at the time and Damon was in the comparative literature department and he noticed that there were a lot of great books in the library that were out of print everywhere else. It was a time when a lot of friends of ours had their own small labels to put out music that they really believed in. We thought we'd do the same thing but just put out books. So Exact Change is mostly surrealism and other avant-garde literature in translation to English, mostly from the French.

MD: I was also interested to ask about your early work as Damon & Naomi, espe-

cially some of the first records you cut following the break-up of Galaxie 500 [in 1990]. I notice that your sound retains a lot of Galaxie 500's signature sound except with the sonic level definitely turned down a notch or two. Was there a cause for this stylistic change?

DK: I think it's just the sound we make...

NY: It's different because we're not an electric rock band. Just by the nature of the instruments we're playing, it's more acoustic. But it wasn't a conscious decision where we said, "Oh, that band was much too loud"...

MD: And what kind of an organ do you have on stage this evening?

NY: That's a harmonium, it's an Indian pump organ made to accompany vocal music...

DK: We got it in Toronto...

NY: Yeah in Toronto, years ago.

MD: I notice that you recorded your [1998] album, *Playback Singers*, at home. How did you find the DIY recording experience and what advice do you have for aspiring home tapers?

NY: Well, we were never too professionally recorded, of course...

DK: We were just being recorded by [Shimmy Disk owner] Kramer in his home, more or less... But for advice, don't spend too much on equipment because it's really all about arrangement and I think you can get distracted by the technical side of things but that's really the least important part.

MD: Now your latest record was a collaboration with [Japanese psychadelia band] Ghost. I was wondering how your relationship with them came about and what working with them on this record was like?

NY: We met them about five years ago so we've known them for a while. We've done tours with them and played with them live a lot. [In the studio] they were very methodical and craftsmanship was very important to them while we definitely come out of a more punk rock recording tradition. But they were the musicians that we wanted to work with more than anyone else and we were really pleased that they agreed to do the project with us.

PG: And can we expect any new recordings/collaborations in the near future?

NY: I don't know, we don't plan too far in advance...

DK: Yeah, we never really know what we're doing until it happens. We're touring Europe in May and a few shows in the states with the guitar player from Ghost and that's about all that's on our musical horizon.

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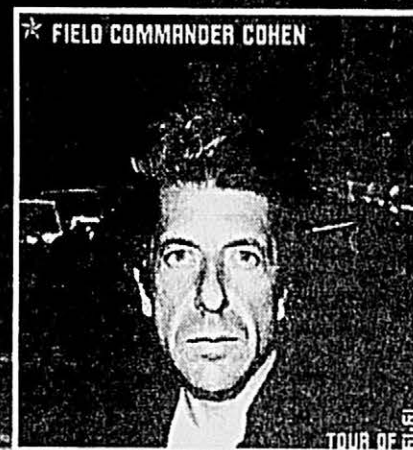
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Rude Boys Get Frisky

Montreal novelist illuminates a struggle in Calcutta

Recovering Rude
by Rana Bose
204 pages
Véhicule Press

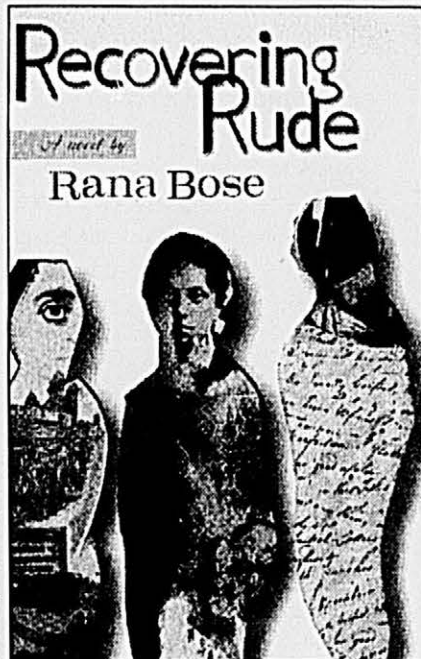
In regard to the events of the tumultuous years of the late 1960s and early 70s, our western historical worldview tends to focus on the exploding youth movements taking place across North America and the explosive politics which were fast becoming the Vietnam War in South-East Asia.

However, somewhere between the two was a vast nation where both a youth movement and a war were taking place simultaneously. This story of crackdown and rebellion centered around Calcutta, India.

While combat flared in the jungles of Vietnam and thousands of activists clashed with police in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention of '68, a generation of brave activists in India stood up against the class and caste systems of their native land and fought to disassemble the social constructs, governmental bureaucracy and economic systems which kept them intact. Many

ended up paying dearly at the hands of police and secret agents who pegged them as criminals and terrorists and hunted down student leaders in an attempt to slow the movement.

Recovering Rude, a first novel by Calcutta-born Indian-Canadian playwright and engineer Rana Bose, is the story of such an activist. Rude is a privileged doctor's son whose family's traditionally left-leaning affiliations lead him to his political naissance as a university student in the late 60s. Rude's personal diary is perhaps the most important aspect of the story as many chapters of the book are written as pages from it. It is through this diary that



early chapters relate Rude's upbringing in a well-to-do Calcutta neighbourhood and the friendships he makes with those who would become his comrades in the years to come.

As the text sweeps us from the early 50s of Rude's childhood to his heyday in the late 60s, narration comes increasingly from the views of his family and friends.

Rude's nemesis, the self-styled psycho-analytical detective and quintessential bad cop Assistant Commissioner Parimal Shome, also provides his own perspective as a few

chapters follow him in his quest to eliminate Rude and to piece together the psychological puzzle of what made a generation of well-off young people rebel against a system that served their parents so well.

As the pages turn, we follow Rude and his contemporaries through the trials of "declassing" in the slums of Calcutta, on their midnight revolutionary graffiti runs and in their more and more frequent clashes with a brutal police force bent on killing them all at any cost. Following Rude's untimely demise at the hands of Parimal Shome, the book's final climactic pages take place between Montreal and Houston in a much more recent era where the survivors of Rude's revolutionary generation and the retired cops they once battled in the streets find themselves together again in a different place and time, but with a score to settle regarding the lost legacy of the fallen student-leader, Rude.

While a fascinating read, *Recovering*

Rude is perhaps a little too concise for its own good, as many aspects of the complex socio-ethnic composition of Indian society go unexplained and may require a bit of research for a reader not completely in-the-know about Indian society to fully understand.

Regardless, *Recovering Rude* is a gripping story and a remarkable first novel for Bose who makes the transition from stage to novel nearly flawlessly. *Recovering Rude* is a thought-provoking look at what freedom means in the context of modern-day, western-style democracy and a historically important account of an underappreciated, but nonetheless significant period of political intrigue in India. As a good story, history lesson, and all-around social critique, Bose's is a story that deserves to be read.

-Patrick Guyer

The Passing of a Legend

Longtime McGill prof and Canadian poetry icon dies



BY OGE BOZYGIT
Culture Writer

To commit your life to poetics, some find, is to attach a wrecking ball to your ankle. For Louis Dudek, however, this was no deterrent. A longtime McGill professor, he first cracked the surface with his poetry as a student at McGill in 1941, publishing his first poem in *The Daily*. After graduating, he left for New York City and published his first collection of poetry, *East of the City* while attending Columbia University. Dudek was among a group of scholars who helped get Ezra Pound, Dudek's main influence, released from a mental asylum.

In 1951, Louis Dudek joined the faculty at McGill. Not long after, he started publishing *Delta*, a literary magazine that was more inclusive than exclusive. Many people credit Dudek for paving way for the seething Montreal poetry scene of the 60s and 70s. He

was a great inspiration to his students, including the likes of Al Purdy, Margaret Atwood, David Solway, and Leonard Cohen. He also helped publish Cohen's first book of poetry while he was still an undergraduate.

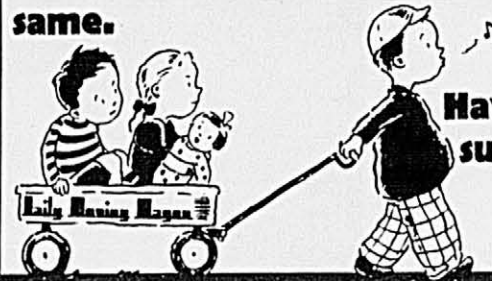
Dudek is said to have started writing poetry shortly after his mother's death, at the age of 8. His published works include

Europe, The Transparent Sea, En Mexico, Atlantis, and The Caged Tiger. His last book, *The Surface of Time*, was published last winter. Dudek had a multi-faceted cultural vision by combining poetry, criticism, polemic editing, and cultural criticism.

Louis Dudek died on March 22. He was 83 years old.

The staff of the Daily Business Office and the staffs of The McGill Daily and Le Défilé Français would like to wish you all good luck on your exams.

Also, we're moving AGAIN, so we'll see you next year, when you can visit us at our new-improved-renovated-painted-institutional-white-still-subterranean-back in the basement office of the Shafner Building. All of our phone numbers and email addresses remain the same.



Have a great summer.

CONGRATULATIONS!

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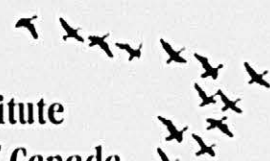
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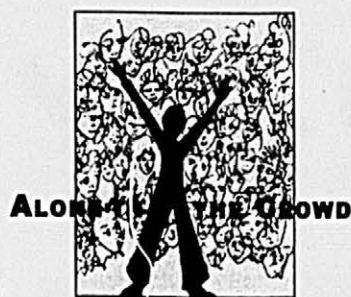
for their successful
conference
Canada, No. 1?
*Finding Our Place in
the World* (March 8-9, 2001)

and

**The Canadian
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for the exciting
*McGill Canadian Film
Festival* (March 13-17, 2001).





Picasso's Whores?

Musings on a funny thing called apathy

BY LUKAS RIEPPEL
Culture Writer

We are all Picasso's whores playing a muted trumpet in the brothel of despair. Any sound we may garner the strength to produce is subdued and distorted by an artificial apparatus placed before our singular means of communication. North American culture has degenerated into an ironic homogenous mass of difference, and our intellectual progress has made us completely impotent and incapable of anything other than sophisticated reflection.

This is a call to all McGill students to begin publishing manifestos, of all varieties and political affiliations. Manifestos that throw off all history in their author's sacrosanct understanding of "the way it is." We need direct action, and we need it now!

The most successful demonstration I have ever been personally involved in took place in the south of France when I was about thirteen years old. My brother, my friend, and I were walking around in La Ciotat when we saw a solitary figure marching down the street. This individual was wearing a nuclear protection suit, a gas mask, and was waving a large and crudely lettered banner that read: "FUCK CHIRAC". This, I thought, is a cause I can get behind! I wasn't so much concerned with the ecological health of the Bikini

Islands as I am amused by the thought of three kids walking down the street chanting the aforementioned slogan with a lone sociopath. Though, I'm sure he is really a very nice and well-adjusted person, never mind that he was wearing a gas mask! I do not feel that I need mention that the nuclear testing ended shortly thereafter.

Is there ever a situation in which you are too well informed to protest? Can it be that the reason so many people don't seem to care about Marxism anymore (outside of its ability to be used as an analytic tool) is that they understand it too well? I used to have a flag of Ché Guevara hanging in my room, until I read some history books on the man.

I have a colour photocopy of a painting hanging on the wall immediately behind my desk that has a section which reads: "US President says postmodernism is really about the insecurity of dominant Western hegemony in the face of a myriad of visible contradictions evident as the Third world and the marginalized gain access to information and channels of communication. Summit talks agree on information and technology embargo." I urge all students to go to Quebec City for the protests against globalization (and apparently for protest). I urge you to go not only because I care about underpaid workers but because nothing will be done to aid these people until globalization has

been stopped in its path of the commodification of information. So go to the protests. I know I won't be there.

I am personally upset about the current trends in the globalization of western economy and culture, but honestly, I doubt I'd miss any final exams to participate. This is not an excuse: it's an observation. It is simply useless to seek any sort of unity and solitariness in political (or anti-political) movements. Unity and solidarity must exist in a culture and a society, and it can then begin to manifest itself behind or against certain political issues. I am not advocating that people stop paying attention to or getting involved in world politics, but that there needs to be a parallel development of culture and society that will actually allow social movements to be significant.

There is almost no cause that is wholly good or evil. All things, by the way, can be a cause. Some, however, are much better than

their alternative. Today's citizen seems to have gained a great deal of individuality in an increasingly homogenous world, but for some reason this has left many people impotent. Sometimes the human intellect just does more harm than good. Increasingly sophisticated tools of understanding our world as well as an explosion of information has not led to public outrage on injustice, but rather apathy. I am not suggesting any causality here since that would be useless anyhow, but am merely reflecting on these things.

Would this be progress, or is it possible that it would require a step back from our current development as (overly) intellectual beings? If it isn't progress, can we be at all certain that progress is a positive thing? What is this word, progress, anyhow? Does it imply that things are moving in a positive direction, or simply that they are moving forwards? Who, then, decides where this forward direction will take us? This article is not necessarily meant to inspire direct action, for it and its contradictions will surely be reflected upon.



Re-Recording History

Daily writer misses Annual Recorder Day, but gets in tune with his inner recorder

BY JOEL BOULVAIS
Culture Writer

"I see it as a metaphysical trance that embodies the unsaid. For me, this kind of experience is the closest way to approach the justification of our existence...the inner truth, you know." Sophia's words represent quite accurately the atmosphere that invaded the Parc Galleries last Sunday at the occasion of the Annual Recorder Day. A series of recorder-related events were on the program for this grandiose occasion to rediscover the joys of the plastic flute. These included a youth tutorial, a senior's medley concert, a blindfolded jamming session, a sight reading competition, and the final concert. These events were orchestrated by the Beckenpipes, the cultish group of followers

that take their name from the XVIIIth century recorder legend and guru Klaus von Beckenpypen. But thanks to the crowd's abundant good spirits, the day turned out to be a success.

At one point in life, everyone will own a recorder. Be it a music class requirement, Aunt Jill's birthday present, or a part of a successful day of looting. Who can forget being a disciple of the magical instrument? Not I, especially after my close encounter with an underground society devoting itself, and sometimes more, to the recorder and everything it stands for. "What the hell does it stand for?" you'll ask in a tone of distrust and sarcasm. Well, according to the Beckenpipes, a lot. "It stands for a hell of a lot more than anyone can possibly hold. Now if these people can't understand that.....I don't have time

for this right now," said Daryl Southee, organizer of the A.R.D. and leader of the Beckenpipes, as he stormed away from me. His irritation may have been due to the lack of devotion he saw in his co-Beckenpipers' relaxed attitude. An interview with the leader later revealed the true foundations of his discontent with the event. "It's like they don't even care anymore! They all used to be very serious and devoted about it behind closed doors and all, but, since we took it upon ourselves to take this out to the public, it's like they're ashamed of it!" said an emotional Southee. "I even saw a couple of them actually hiding their recorders in embarrassment as they passed in front of the line-up at Cinema du Parc. I couldn't believe it." These cowards, however, form only a minority of the proud brethren that

comprise the Beckenpipes.

The true tales of the underground society were revealed to me by Sophia. For her, the recorder is not only a hobby, but a means of self-expression. "You have no idea what it feels like to let the instrument invade your soul with its enchanting voice and touch all of the hidden aspects of yourself, while in fact it's you that is doing it all, as if you knew all along and never dared to try." She then took me to the blindfolded jam session and introduced me to the joys of giving in to the soothing sounds of fifteen recorders singing their individual tunes and hearing them melt into one to form a powerful glimpse of heaven.

The organizers brought in a seven meter bronze statue of von Beckenpypen and had been burning incense for days

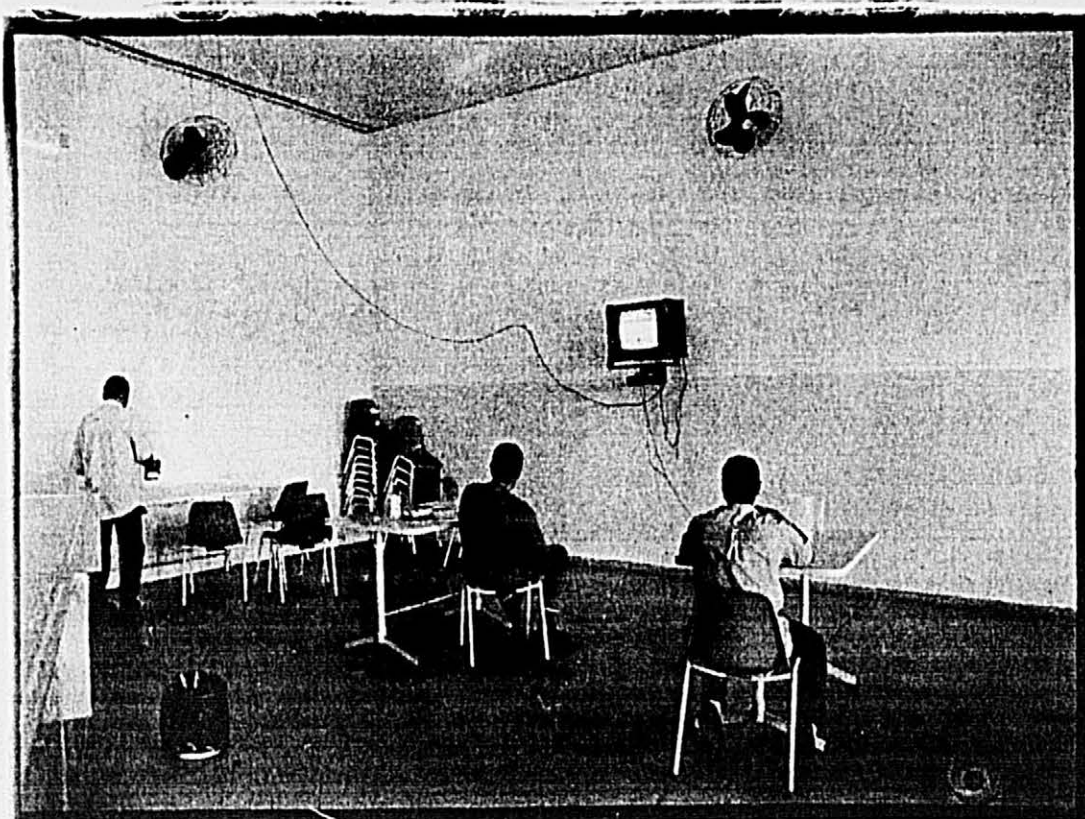
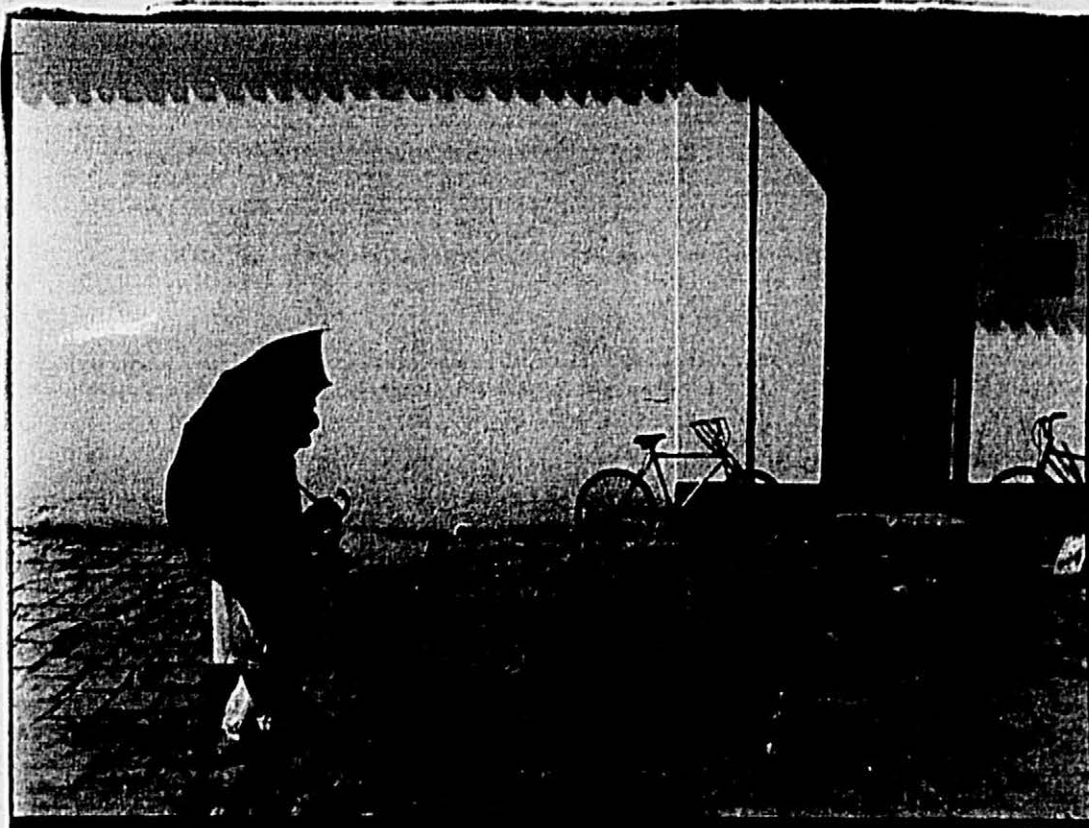
preceding the show. A glass stage hung from the ceiling a meter above the statue's head. Shortly before the concert began, the musicians ascended the stage with the help of ladders and played a diverse repertoire. When the crowd began to leave, the band performed an unrequested encore. This was a slightly more avant-garde piece which culminated with Southee being stripped and tied to a crucifix made of two giant recorders, as he shouted: "We are the children of the Unborn" for ten long minutes. After this he calmly detached himself from the cross and bowed graciously as he received a bouquet of flowers from the band. "The recorder is like the brother the drums never had, you know, it won't grow back." On that fine note, a glorious show came to an end.

CULTURE BIDS YOU FAREWELL AND HOPES YOU
HAVE A SPLENDID SUMMER!

Erratum: In a book review of David Solway's *Sainten Island: The Poems of Andreas Kanaris*, I made a bold statement suggesting that while Solway may not be one of the best poets in Canada, he was one of the most interesting. This may have given the impression that I was familiar with Solway's entire corpus. Not so. I have only had the pleasure of reading this particular volume along with the companion piece *An Andreas Kanaris Companion*. In fact the possibility remains that indeed David Solway is the best poet in Canada, only I am in no position to judge. -Jonathan Montpetit

BRAZIL IN FEBRUARY

**BY PIERRE ALAIN
PARFOND**



Alright, so I came back to Brazil, eleven years after my last trip and I fell back in love with the country. People smile all day long, and it's always warmer than Montreal. I'll go back. Enjoy.

Fat Phobia, Thin Philia

Skinny women, sculpted men and the Body Image Forum

BY SARAH BOOTHROYD
Mind&Body Reporter

I remember really wanting to eat something, anything on a couple occasions. I've done entire cans of sauerkraut, half a bottle of ketchup, a loaf of bread, and just a few days ago it was an entire box of Kellogg's Cornflakes at one sitting. A Double Pack. 1.35 kg. At 110 calories per 30 grams and help, what is that? Almost 5000 calories. More than two day's worth of the allotted caloric intake for a normal person.

Just *fantastic*. Total lack of control, and then of course you feel like crap, physically and otherwise, you're looking in the mirror, and take a trip to the bathroom, where it all comes back out again. And the cycle continues.

These words belong to one of the one hundred or so women and men who filed into the Frank Dawson Adams auditorium last Thursday to attend the final evening of Peer Health Education's 8th Annual Body Image Forum.

Heidi Shapiro, the first speaker listed on the menu of lecturers for the evening, opened her oration entitled "Obsession with Thinness" by citing a Psychology Today study. This survey found that 24 per cent of women and 17 per cent of men would give up 3 years of their life to be thinner, while 15 per cent of women and 11 per cent of men would give up 5 years of their life to be their desired weight.

What makes this a fair trade - pawning a few years worth of one's fleeting moments of life in return for a reduction in the amount of matter between the walls of one's skin? Are appearances valued above life itself in our society? Is "thin" just another word for "successful"? Are women, more so than men, regarded primarily as physical commodities?

There are various answers offered to such questions, and various hypotheses as to what motivates our obsession with slimming and trimming the human silhouette. If this craze to dispose of the adipose is foreign to you, take a look at the in-ness of thinness glutting this month's magazines:

Vogue: "Fated To Be Fat: Why Metabolism Matters"

W: "The Brazilian Bombshell Diet"

Bazaar: "You Snooze, You Lose; How Sleep Keeps You Slim!"

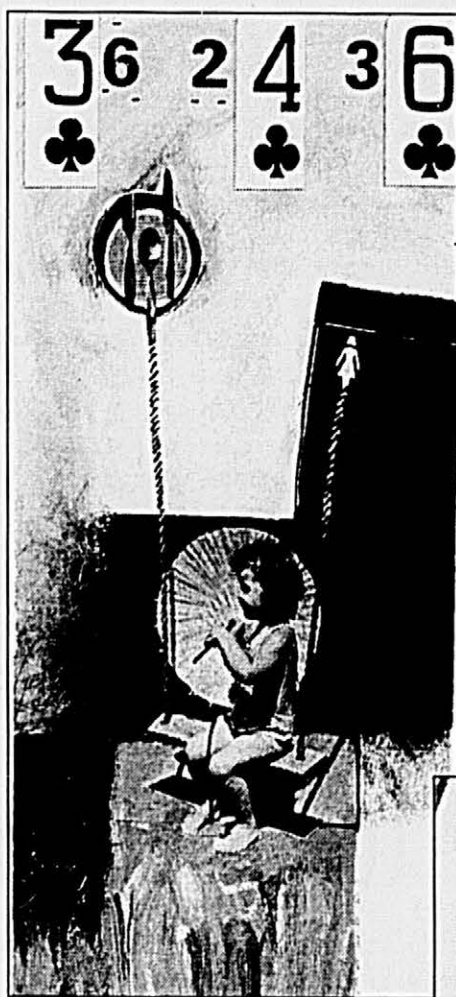
First: "Lose 1 lb. Every Day!"

Women's Day: "Lose Weight for Good".

Good Housekeeping: "The Diet Pill that Actually Works".

Ladies Home Journal: "Are Your Friends Making You Fat?"

Between the pages of such magazines, the paragons of beauty are flattened and gaunt: limbs stretch from the jut of collarbones and pointy pelvis bones. It is the shape(lessness) of fashion models that pre-



drive her attention toward emaciation rather than emancipation. Furthermore, Wolf contends that by defining women's natural composition as too fat, and therefore "bad" or morally wrong, failure (along with its sidekick guilt) has been assigned to womanhood itself.

This month's cover of *Glamour* magazine suggests that the lusciousness of women's "natural composition" is on the verge of making a return: "In: Your Curves; Out: Spaghetti Thin: How to go from 'I hate' to 'I love' my body. Announcing the 'return of the hourglass,' *Glamour* heralds Jennifer Lopez and Kate Winslet as

Art by Sarah Boothroyd

Disney movies, including *Pocahontas*, *The Little Mermaid* and *Beauty and the Beast*, each bear a cartoon female idol doling out eyefuls of anatomical absurdity: the elbow and the waist of such figures are often identical widths, while the bustline and hips are Barbie-sque.

According to recent reports, at an increasingly early age, kids are concerned with body shape: the number one wish for girls ages 11 to 17 is to be thinner, and girls as young as 5 have expressed fears of getting fat. Similar reports state that 80 per cent of 10-year-old girls have dieted, and one study of Saturday morning toy commercials found that 50 per cent of commercials aimed at girls spoke about physical attractiveness, while none of the commercials aimed at boys referred to appearance. Other studies found 50 per cent of advertisements in teen girl magazines and

standard of beauty weighs on men's shoulders as well. The torsos of male icons from cartoon characters to action figures to actors are muscled ever more so these days.

The increase in obsessive weight training, use of anabolic steroids, and dietary supplements attests to the magnitude of issues related to male body image. Nicole Tsang, Coordinator of Peer Health Education stated that "it is also important to reach men with [The Body Image Forum] since eating disorders and negative body image issues are rising the most among men, though most people still view Body Image and eating disorders as an exclusively female issue."

To interpret dieting and eating disorders exclusively in terms of their political and societal antecedents and ramifications is to lose touch with the personal and psychological aspect. We have eating disorders because we are attempting to control something, because we are disciplining/punishing ourselves, because we are protecting ourselves from/ reacting to abuse, because we are attempting to be perfect, because we are mesmerized by the belief that if we look a certain way our lives will be magically fixed. One of the forty or so students who makes use of the eating disorders unit at McGill shares her root of her reason:

Sitting at the table after dinner with a plate of cookies in the middle, if I took a second cookie, or a third, I would get "the look." Dad would glance at me, hold my gaze for a couple of seconds, then raise his eyebrows a bit, and then look away, as if to say: "Are you sure you want that cookie? You know what happens if you eat too many cookies, right?"

This led to extreme feelings of guilt whenever I snacked, even if it wasn't a cookie. I recall grabbing a yogurt in the kitchen once, and my father came in, saw me, and scornfully said, "Oh. You're stuffing your face again?" Stuffing my face. I had graduated from eating, and snacking, to "stuffing my face." In retrospect I don't think I have ever felt more disgusted with myself than I did at that moment.

The Body Image Forum will return again next year to continue its attempt to promote healthy lifestyles amongst the student population. Liz Wright, Coordinator of Peer Health Education, hopes attendees of this year's forum learned "that having a 'great body' has nothing to do with a number on a scale or how skinny or muscled you look; it has to do with how you carry yourself and how well you care for your body."

The eating disorders unit can be reached through McGill Student Health Services at 398-6017.



simultaneously representative of the average women's weight, and as remakes of Jayne Mansfield and Mae West. There is no instruction anywhere in the article of how to "love" your body, it merely hosts an illustrated tour under the subheading "Warning: Curves Ahead."

The voluptuous version of woman may mimic the typical woman more closely than the catwalker who is generally 23 per cent lighter on average, but this curvaceous formula is simply another beauty ideal that will affirm some women and provoke Venus envy in others. This particular anatomical form (read: big cleavage, small waist) finds its forum across men's mags (such as *Maxim*) and "adult" material, as well as in children's material, where they debut as the buxom stars of comic books, and video games (such as *Tomb Raider*).

56 per cent of television commercials aimed at female viewers used beauty as a product appeal.

The marketing of fat-phobia and thinphilia creates a desire to attain the unattainable, and hence drive product consumption: Advertisements reproduce unrealistic ideals that perpetuate the return of customers seeking the cure for curves. The paradoxical result is that on one side of this spinning blue-green planet an estimated 60 million people die of starvation every year, and on the other side, there exists a 40 billion dollar diet industry.

And women are not the only consumers of such products. The majority of teenagers with eating disorders are girls, but experts believe the number of boys affected is increasing since the pressure to sculpt and carve the body to conform to the current



BY JOHN LESARE
The McGill Daily

Pulling Our Own Oars

Celibacy hits home, and true love seems a lot more attainable

I was about the same time that I began writing this column that I last engaged in any sort of sexual intimacy with another person. I'm not sure if it would be fair to start drawing a hasty correlation between these two phenomena, but the time I have spent both producing this column and forced into a winter of celibacy has offered a chance to ponder my own sexual personality. Taking the time to look up and then around your life at the people and events which pass, especially in reference to one's sexual relationships, contains the possibility of allowing for a better understanding of what one needs/wants/lacks in sexual relationships.

Although I may not have gotten laid in a while, am not getting laid right now, and may not for some time (although I will be adding a "BA" to my resume soon, which ought to make me particularly enticing to sheep), I know I will be ready and raring for the right girl when she (inevitably I

hope) will come raging full throttle into my life (and I into hers). This of course sounds like the all-too-familiar "I am okay with being single" mantra which is oh-so-fashionable these days. Amongst those of us who spent years locked in dark rooms listening to Patsy Cline, Roy Orbison, Morrissey, and other lonely crooners, it would seem that a "I'm healthy on my own" strategy is the only sensible pathway to enlightened happiness. For myself, I tended to agree with this strategy for many a moon. But alas...

Patsy didn't write her own songs. Roy Orbison is on the record as saying he spent very few years with "Only the Lonely," and certainly fewer still "Crying." Morrissey, for his part in all of my mess of discarded lovers, is quoted in this month's issue of Mojo magazine as saying that the biggest misconception about him is that he is "unpleasant" and that he is actually "the most gentle person in the universe," doing nothing to further his reputation as the "quirky-alone" who prefers his own company to that of companions. "What the

devil," I might ask now, "shall I do?" Continue on, abandoned in spirit by all my heroes of sequestered consciousness? Relentlessly pursue my own sick path of self-denial and yogic dissonance? Clamber helplessly through crisis after crisis with only the sympathetic and worn out phrases of my endless circle of friends to maintain my sanity when all I am really searching for is someone to share the futon of my burgeoning sexual awareness?!

No. Absolutely not. I may never marry. I may never have the baby I so desperately covet. I may continue to listen to the music that has brought me this far and dropped me like a stranger in a new city with only a few bucks and a box of condoms. But I have strong memories of love and of sex within the realm of love, and I know that despite my yearnings to believe the opposite, love and companionship, both friendly and romantic, play equal roles in my fulfillment as a human being. It is not healthy to have a closed sexual relationship in which one shuts out one's friends and becomes focused on and obsessed with one person. That is

agreed upon by many. However, it is equally unhealthy to close one's self off from the need to love and to be loved, and to ignore the precarious risks that one might take to live, lust after and love someone at the same time, even for a moment. The euphoria, the heartaches, the unfulfilled crushes, and lost errant kisses, all add up to your life writ poetic. The search for and angst over sexual love can provide a great deal of that lyric content, if you let it. The alternative would seem to be completely abhorrent. "Her life had become gray by imperceptible degrees," Cohen wrote of his sexually deprived Edith in *Beautiful Losers*. Without a willingness to change roles and keep up with your own sexual evolution (as painful as it is at times), you can similarly lose your grasp on one of the only internal psychic self-healing mechanisms that a human being has.

Oh, it's true. In the doldrums of an annihilated and exhumed and then annihilated again "first love," the heart can take a beating. In the midst of any storm it can be hard to make out the shore, (or even your own sails for that matter), but it is the

trip and those with whom you oar, rock the boat and splash into the water that matter most. Vulnerability. Weakness. Forgiveness. Humility. Tenderness. These can be tough to come by. They are sometimes lost initially in our bad formative experiences. Other times they are eroded by storm after storm, and treacherous stowaways on our hearts. But to truly sail, to truly see the coruscating brightness in a lover, a first, second or final lover, we must always be ready to rebuild and push ourselves back out to sea.

Now that you are a little sea-sick from my extended marine metaphor, I'll offer this practical advice to those with partners and those still searching: give yourself up to each other! Find someone/place where you feel safe and give up the sovereignty of the individual, the subjective consciousness for a few hours of your life. It'll make all the orgasmic difference in the world and it'll guarantee at least a few minutes (days) of walking on air.

*Find a friend/crush/lover. Find a movie store with Akira Kurosawa's *Dreams*. Watch it with them.*

"I've Always Wanted to..." Bonus

BY ALEX KENNY
Mind&Body Reporter

School is out. You have no job. You have no skills, and you want to get the hell out of North America. You enjoy bending the truth, getting around the system, you can take a lot of crap, and you need cash, but preferably with some adventure. Are these the things you wish you could put on your cv instead of the usual trite falsifications? Go to Taiwan and teach English illegally. You don't need a cv. You will make money, loads of it, and, unless you're a complete redneck, you will eventually learn from the people you swindle. Rest assured, however, that the swindling is not all one sided.

In addition to these fine qualities, you should, ideally, not dislike children, or teaching in general. Experience is absolutely not required. Knowledge of Mandarin is not encouraged. Fluency in English is a bonus. A disclaimer: This knowledge is based upon events of last year. Everything may have changed in the interim. However, the very possibility of being able to travel and teach in a faraway land is enticing enough to follow up on the following information.

Do you need to secure a job before you arrive, without legal papers, in Taiwan? No. To do so would be foolish. The enormous amount of work available, and the tacit tolerance of business by any means makes both "job insecurity" and "illegal work" completely useless concepts. Arriving without a job just means a search for about a week or less. You then have the freedom to choose between the city or the town, kids or adults, full-time or part time. You can work legally if you really want to. Many schools

will offer to get you a work permit several weeks after you begin teaching.

To recap, you don't need any skill besides speaking English half-well, you are forbidden from speaking Mandarin in class, and you don't need any work visas. You do, however, need a tourist visa, and you get this by applying to the trade office (Taiwan does not have embassy, due to its shaky sovereignty) in Ottawa, requesting a one or two month multi-entry visa. Do not disclose that you wish to break the law of their country upon arrival by teaching English. Although teaching English illegally is widely tolerated, it is still officially illegal.

You then buy a ticket (the cost of which you recover in a week and a half), and you arrive exhausted in Taipei airport. You know no one, and you have great trouble communicating with anyone. You do, however, have a Lonely Planet. So you head to a hostel downtown, where you meet many other English teachers. You ask a few questions, get set up with a job and begin working by the end of the week.

Or you don't get work because you are discriminated against for being of African, or, interestingly, Asian heritage. If you are willing to put up with the strange variation of racism seemingly unique to Taiwan, you will eventually get a job as lucrative as your more highly valued white co-teacher. With regard to ignorant bigotry the country is, predictably, worse than the city.

At night, after working all day at three different jobs, paying 30 bucks Canadian an hour, I would sit outside with other Western drunkards living in the foreigner house, and marvel at our strange position. To think that we, an irresponsible assortment of Aussies, Canucks, Americans, Dutch, Israelis, Kiwis and Swedes would be

permitted to associate with the children of privilege, and given authority! A sense of purposeless reigns as we tried to dissect the meaning of our mission to educate the rich children of Taiwan so that they may rule the digital future.

Equipped with a job, safely lodged in a very unluxurious gaigun (foreigner) house (charging about 12 bucks a night for bunks, or 15 bucks a night for your room), you may decide that you came to Taiwan to escape from Westerners like yourself, and try to find an apartment (about twice the cost as Montreal, or less). Or you may be too lazy, and enjoy the eclectic mix of Dutch, Swedes, Canadians, Aussies, French, Japanese, and British who you happen to live with. You will never be lacking company, though you may wish to at times.

After a month, or two, depending on the length of the tourist visa you acquired, you must leave the country, if only for a few hours. Popular destinations are trendy and exorbitantly expensive Hong Kong, and the small ex-Portuguese island of Macao (famous for gambling), and Thailand.

Is it worth it? Is it fun? First, it must be stated that Taipei is anything but beautiful. It is a rather charmless city, though its ugliness is often remarkable and even enjoyable. The air pollution in the city is often palpable, and the heat can kill you unexpectedly. If this sounds horrible, than you can always opt for a smaller town. The rest of Taiwan, however, is very beautiful, and though much of the island has been destroyed by industry, two-thirds remains relatively untouched. The East, where the aboriginal populations still live, is particularly pristine.

Why haven't I mentioned much about teaching, the activity ostensibly justifying

your parasitic presence in Asia? I personally loved it, and bonded closely with my students, children, teenagers and adults. But

there is nothing of the wisdom of teaching for me to impart: you will have to blunder by yourself, but you will have a blast doing it.



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Pride or Power?

Odd Todd takes on queer complacency

So after another week of celebrating pride and homosexuality, I realized a couple of things: I look good in blue, organizing an entire week of events is hard work, and the meaning behind being queer has changed greatly.

On Thursday, March 22, there was a panel discussion debating the future of queer activism. Many of the panelists were explaining that there was nothing more to fight and nothing more to do. Activism and the politics were all done and gone. We had come almost to the point of acceptance and equality, and the rest was simply finding comfort with the in and out of the queer community.

Au contraire. Queer McGill spends hours in front of Héma Québec's blood drives protesting the discriminatory questions they ask prior to donation, which imply that safe gay male sex is more dangerous than unprotected heterosexual anal sex. Six years of informing others, six years of collecting signatures, six years of trying to change out-dated and biased opinions and six years of nothing changing.

Queer McGill and Project Interaction fought for days and are still fighting the bigotry and ignorance of certain professors at McGill. These professors try to rationalize and defend oppression by looking at cultural norms, which most would realize are excuses for the fundamental denial of basic human rights, institutionalized and intellectualized by the oppressive, privi-

Some say that Pride Month or Week has become a celebration, and that it is about feeling comfortable instead of fighting for something.

leged majority.

So they say, give them civil unions; that will be enough. I know that I have always wanted some beautiful, super cool guy to get down on his knees and utter those nineteen amazing words: "Will you join into a same-sex civil union with the same equality of a common law marriage with me?"

In Texas two weeks ago, two men were arrested in their home for having sex, because in Texas it is still illegal for two men to engage in oral or anal sex. The Boy Scouts still believe for some reason that they are not infested with flagrant homos, and are trying to kick them out. And all of this happening in the more "progressive nations."

The torture and suffering that still happens internationally is inhumane. How can anyone say there is nothing left to fight? Because we saw that Eminem doesn't hate all fags, as it seemed he

rather enjoyed the polka-dotted Elton?

Thus, activism is over, right? Not by a long shot. But where is it going? Into the courts, bars, and ghettos, as far from the streets as possible. Does that mean Queer McGill should stick to parties and drinking-related events and leave the job of fighting up to the law students? Should I stop writing articles and wearing my pride flag? Should we let the world view us as alcoholics who wave our genitals around public bathrooms?

Some say that Pride Month or Week has become a celebration, and that it is about feeling comfortable instead of fighting for something. I go to clubs and watch the people and feel superior because I work so hard outside of the village to make acceptable what's going on inside. Then I realize that being gay is about celebration. The activism is important and is still needed and there will always be people up for the challenge. But at the same time there is no reason to fight for being queer if we don't actually enjoy being queer.

So I will keep writing, lucky for all of you, and I will keep wearing my pride flag, in the hopes that we can keep celebrating and that eventually we can give blood, join the boy scouts, and get married. And I will try not to forget that if we took a holiday, took some time to celebrate, just one day out of life, it would be, it would be so nice.

You're Wrong, Kermit

It's easy being green, if you know how

BY DYRESHA HARRIS
Mind&Body Reporter

It seems like environmentalism has been getting a bad rap lately. Some people just feel overwhelmed by all the frightening stats: "So, there's almost no rainforest left, you say? Uh, huh. And the hole in the ozone is getting bigger. Really? So we only have enough clean water to last us another three years, huh?"

It's enough to make you want to curl up in a recycling box and paper-cut your wrists. Then there are those who feel like the answer is often more complicated than the solution: "Yes, all you have to do is water your basement compost garden daily with rainwater collected in recycled cans and filtered through a hemp cloth grown and produced by monks in Tibet, and within four months you'll have grown enough carrots for a Caesar salad...with half the waste of the corporations."

But don't worry: there is hope. The following is a list of eleven easy ways you can contribute to protecting our planet.

1. Recycle: Come on guys, this one's obvious. If you didn't get a green box at the beginning of the year when they were giving them away like candy, contact your local EcoQuartier. There is one on St.

Urban, corner Duluth : 288-1402. There is also one on Pierce Street between St. Matthew and Guy : 933-1069.

2. Buy recycled paper: Most office stores will provide this. The McGill Bookstore does occasionally. Note: The EUS General Store in the McConnell Engineering building has this cool program where you can buy notebooks made from old paper from the Xerox machines. If they're out, just harass them for more.

3. Print on both sides of the page: Bonus consideration—it may confuse your profs as to the true length of your paper. Verify with your professor beforehand to make sure it is okay to be so green-friendly.

4. Don't fill out warranty cards, and pay your bills by email or phone: This will help eliminate junk mail sent to your house. As much fun as it is to receive monthly updates on the newest brand of blender or wart cream, the environment will thank you. You can also reuse envelopes and boxes, and use junk mail as scrap paper.

5. Bring cloth bags to the grocery store: Avoid the paper/plastic debate that has stumped great thinkers for years and finally get a chance to put that frosh pack to use.

6. Reheat in the microwave instead of the stove: It uses half the

energy, and come on, what university student would oppose this method?

7. Don't use your toilet as a wastebasket for things like tissues, condoms, or illegal narcotics: Flush only when and what is necessary.

8. Place a filled one liter bottle in your toilet tank: This will reduce the water when you flush. But please, please don't drink from it again.

9. Avoid using the tap: Fill the sink first when washing dishes. Keep a pitcher of water in the fridge so you don't have to run the tap until it's cold. Use a glassful of water when brushing your teeth.

10. Use homemade cleaning mixtures instead of those harmful chemicals: For floor cleaner, mix 1 cup white vinegar with 2 gallons water. For glass cleaner, mix 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice in 1 quart water. And for those of you who are really anal, furniture polish is just lemon juice and vegetable oil.

11. Be creative: Recycling's not only fun, it's also a great way to stall on doing assignments. In my house we've turned old clementine boxes into a spice rack, and jam jars into glasses. The possibilities are endless, and hopefully you can now see how it easy it can be to go green.

To all at 89: Thanks for being the voices of reason.

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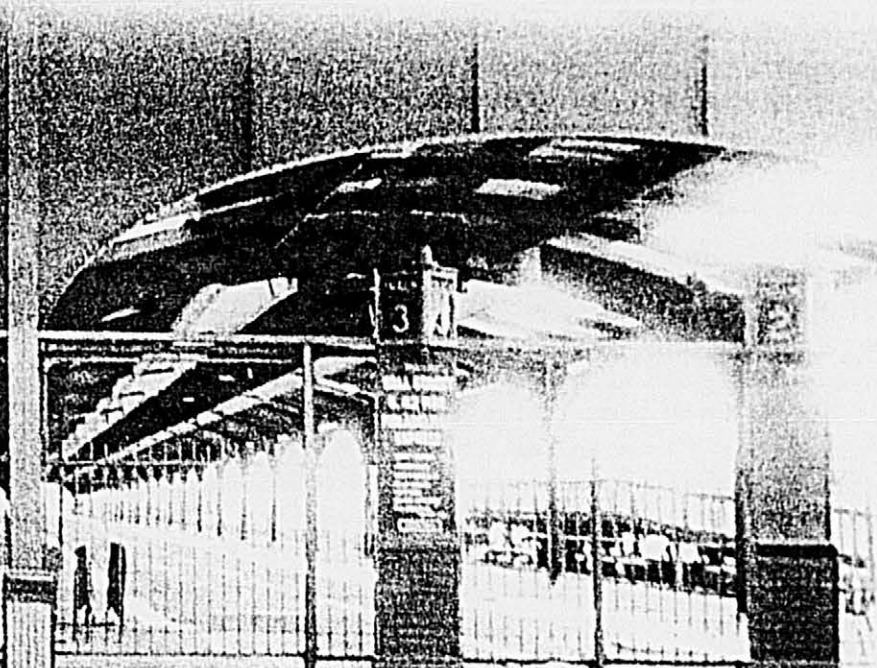
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BY BRIE O'KEEFE

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